

# THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF  
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

VOL. I.—No. 8.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

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September 13, 1863.

For the benefit of those similarly afflicted, I make the following statement: For ten years my daughter was afflicted with Catarrh, which gradually grew worse until it had so impaired her health that we felt convinced she must die. The discharge from the head and throat was incessant, frequently accompanied by blood. After having tried every one and everything in vain, as a last resort I called on Dr. Rowe, under whose care she has been entirely cured and restored to the enjoyment of excellent health.

THOMAS S. DAY.

**OPERATIONS FOR CROSS-EYES.**

From Mr. Robert Stephenson.

No. 250 JAY ST., BROOKLYN, Oct. 28, 1863.

This is to certify that Dr. Rowe has operated on my son, who was cross-eyed from infancy, and has straightened his eyes perfectly.

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

**CURE OF DEAFNESS.**

From Caleb Sager, Esq., of Trenton, N. J.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 25, 1862.

This is to certify that my daughter, having been afflicted for eighteen years with deafness, and discharges from both ears, caused from scarlet fever when two years old, I placed her under the care of Dr. Rowe. Now her hearing is restored; she hears distinctly, and the discharges from both ears are entirely stopped. From my intercourse with Dr. Rowe, I feel justified in recommending him as a gentleman well versed in the diseases he makes a specialty of.

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MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.



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PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 116 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

THE conductors of the ROUND TABLE regret the necessity of repeating their previous declaration that the paper is the organ of no one writer or clique of writers, here or elsewhere, but is open to contributions of merit without regard to their authorship. This statement applies equally to the paper as a whole and to each of its several departments; and any person, directly or indirectly, representing himself as having the exclusive charge of any portion of it, should be considered an impostor.

## FORWARD, MARCH!

THE trumpet has sounded. Five hundred thousand men are wanted to begin the spring campaign. Let them be forthcoming. This is no time for delay, nor for partisan bickerings, nor for complaints against the policy of the Administration, nor for aught else that interferes with recruiting. The cause is just—who doubts it? The inducements are ample—who will gainsay it? The men are needed—who will not volunteer? Such a call as this from the chief magistrate of these United States should meet with as cordial a response as did that of the nineteenth of April, 1861, when men forgot their differences, and the roads to the national capital swarmed with patriots hastening to its defense. Thousands of those very men now sleep on the battle-fields that mark the march of the contesting armies, and—to the credit of our people be it said—thrice as many more have stepped into the ranks which they once filled. The tramp of our armies has never stopped, nor must it stop till its echoes mingle with those of a falling and a fallen rebellion.

Some will say that is impossible to get this half million of men. The greater the shame to them if in this critical hour, by word or deed, they attempt to carry this conviction into practice. But the men will be forthcoming. Already one-half of them are under arms, and we are sure the other half is coming. New England has done bravely, but she has many sons yet who will leave their homes in response to this last call of their country. The Middle States, too, have done more than they were asked to do, but they will forget all this now. And the Western States—who doubts what their response will be? There are men enough, there is patriotism enough. Now for the soldiers!

Five hundred thousand men! Does this seem like an impossibility? Time and time again has the Administration been urged to call for them; time and time again could it have had them. Now that it wants them, shall it be refused? The Loyal Leagues and Union Leagues, the Lincoln Clubs, the Chase Clubs, the Fremont Clubs, the McClellan Clubs, Republicans, Democrats, one and all, should bend all their energies to filling up the quotas of their respective districts. Names are nothing—men are everything. Equip these half a million soldiers, put them in the field on the first day of the coming spring, and, mayhap, the longing of the people that the rebellion may be crushed by the next anniversary of our national independence will be realized.

And what is needed to bring about this result? Nothing but action, action, action. Each citizen should consider himself as responsible to the government for at least one volunteer. Each congressional district should appoint trustworthy

men as a committee to secure the re-enlistment of every veteran within it, and the enlistment of every man who is willing to lend his services to the country. Let nothing stand in the way of this one great object. A draft! There should be no such a thing. Volunteers—not conscripts, are wanted. We have tried a conscription and know too well how poorly it works to stake anything upon it. One volunteer is worth a score of unwilling conscripts—and so should it always be in this free country of ours. Every breeze from the Confederacy brings murmurs of discontent on the part of those whom the government is forcing into the ranks of its armies by an unrelenting conscription. There is a lesson in this. We should send no such words southward; rather should the tidings reach them that we are to begin our next campaign—and God grant it may be our last!—with five hundred thousand freemen—each a willing volunteer, each determined to do his best to crush the rebellion, and each resolved not to return to peaceful occupations until the war be ended. Such a display will strike terror into the hearts of our foes, will hush the faintest whisperings of discontent across the water, and infuse into our own government a measure of courage and of hope that the thrones of Europe, now shaking from their very foundations, will envy.

Forward, March!

## M. THIERS AND THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

NO man in all France could more wisely or more fitly warn the Emperor of the French of the dangers of a policy hostile to public opinion, than the historian of the Consulate and the Empire. When M. Thiers speaks on the relations between the Government of France and the intellect of France, he speaks on a theme which he has mastered less by theoretical study or by critical observation, than by personal and practical experience. When the young Thiers came up to Paris, eager and ardent, dreaming of fame and power and fortune, the stupid repressions of the Restoration were beginning to give way to the pressure of the rekindling life of France. Throwing himself into the van of the column of attack upon the seats of power, the keen analyst, the trenchant logician, the master of a style at once fiery and luminous, impassioned in impulse, and calm in form Thiers the writer soon became Thiers the Minister of State. In that position he made himself the Cabinet, and devoted all his energies to securing the power which he controlled against such assaults as that by which he and his friends had themselves acquired the control of it. No man who has held authority in France during the present century has been so monocratic in his conceptions of its exercise as the orator whose latest speech is now stirring the public mind of Europe, and perplexing foreign judgments with "fear of change" in that central and wonderful France which can never change without shaking the Continent from its center to its circumference.

What finally overtook the Thiers system of administration—how the Citizen King, about whom it had been built up for eighteen patient years, found his palace one day stormed by Emile de Girardin, pen in hand, and his people swept away from his throne into revolution by the power of the press—is now matter of history. For thirteen years M. Thiers has been meditating at his leisure upon that eventful chapter in the modern story of France; and the speech with which he has signalized so brilliantly his return to the political arena gleams throughout with the light of a wisdom which, had it ruled himself in his own prosperous days of power, might perhaps have made the empire impossible.

The Emperor Napoleon was not fortunate in his official advocates. Had M. Billault lived, the splendid peroration of Thiers might possibly have been flung back with electrifying effect upon the Demosthenes of the bourgeoisie. M. Rouher, in meeting the assault of his accomplished adversary, committed the grave mistake of endeavoring to explain away the visible and undeniable sense of certain acts and courses of the government. The strongest point to be made in the imperial case he left wholly untouched.

The representative government which Thiers declared that France demands, no man knows better than M. Thiers is not the representative government which he himself and the House of Orleans gave her. The Revolution of 1830 was the work of a class, though the power which that class used to accomplish it was the impulse of a whole nation. The Bourbons had disgusted the popular heart in France, but their actual misgovernment was specially felt by the middle and the commercial classes. It was from these classes that the voice which M. Thiers calls the voice of liberty came; it was in the spirit and in the interest of these classes that the press which Thiers and his contemporaries made the engine of their powers fulminated against the Faubourg and the Tuileries; it was in the spirit and in the interest of these classes that the power which was so cleverly tossed into the hands of the Duke of Orleans in July, 1830, was administered by the order to which M. Thiers belongs, and of which he is now, in his robust and active old age, the most formidable champion and the most illustrious type. The order of things which existed under Louis Philippe is M. Thiers' conception of a constitutional administration for France. He is willing,

he says, to accept the Empire, and even to aid in administering it, upon the condition that it shall be to him and to France what the monarchy of July was made to be.

But the basis of the empire differs widely from that of the monarchy of July. Its larger repose of the public mind, and its closer restrictions upon the utterance of opinion, are alike the results less of the imperial administration than of that democratic force of universal suffrage on which the imperial throne is set. If M. Thiers can modify that basis, he may expect either to make the imperial throne untenable or to make it a good constitutional machine. He attempted in 1848 to do this, and set about contracting the limits of French democracy as a means for the restoration of French "Constitutional Monarchy." The experiment resulted then—in the establishment of the empire. Repeated now, it would almost infallibly result in the establishment of the republic. Now this is an object which lies very far from the heart of M. Thiers, if not of those with whom he for the time being acts, and who accept his leadership without accepting his views. Had his speech been uttered by Pelletan or Jules Favre, or rather were Pelletan or Jules Favre in the position of Thiers, such a speech from them might be well regarded as a programme of attack and a signal of revolution. Coming from M. Thiers it is fatally and inevitably a criticism and not a programme, a chastisement and not a signal. It may anger the Tuileries; it may disturb the peace of ministerial bureaux; it may animate the press of the metropolis; it may stir old passions and hinder old hopes in many a quarter of Paris; but it is not at all likely that it will do for France or against the Empire what nothing but a tremendous mistake or a tremendous misfortune in the policy of the Emperor can now bring about.

## WANDERINGS IN THE TRACK OF THE NORTHMEN.

## THE FAROE ISLANDS.

AS soon as we reached the shore we commenced our explorations, as there was little time to lose. Not a tree and hardly a shrub can be found growing on any island of the group. And men were busily engaged bringing to town peat from the mountain-bogs, in baskets strapped upon the back, thus securing the only fuel which their country affords. Drift-wood gathers in the harbor, but much of it is too valuable for fuel. It was strange to see huge pine logs floating there mingled with the palmetto, both probably the products of our own land, borne there by the gulf-stream. Even logs of mahogany are sometimes found, not only sufficient for such articles as they wish to fabricate, but even worth exporting! Flocks of sheep flourish on the abundant pasturage, furnishing meat and wool for home use and for export. Dried mutton is a dainty dish with the Faroese. I remember well a boat coming alongside with some whole dried carcasses for sale, the owner evidently puzzled that we did not hasten to secure such luxuries, which he was forced to carry home again for want of a purchaser. The wool is pulled from the sheep as it becomes loosened in the spring, so that they are not suddenly robbed of their warm coat as with us who shear them.

Water-birds of almost every northern species abound here and furnish food for the islanders and feathers for export. The bird hunters descend the craggy walls by ropes, or catch the birds in nets as they fly past some projecting cliff, throwing them when killed to their comrades in the boat below. Of course, where birds so swarm as they do in all these islands, they may be captured in various ways and in almost every place. But the real bird hunter, who wishes to thrive by the business, finds no other way so good as to scale the dizzy heights, where on the shelving rocks the nests are fairly crowded together, or to spring from crag to crag on a rope fastened above. He is thus able to reach almost every portion of those perpendicular walls of stone where the sea-bird can find a lodgment for its nest. It requires no little nerve thus to pursue his work—now dangling in the air now swinging from ledge to ledge, every moment exposed to death by the dropping of stones from above, or, by the breaking of the rope, to be dashed among the rocks and waves below. The fisheries are another source of profit, though the strong currents between the islands, and the sudden storms that sweep down from the lofty hills, render the business uncertain and dangerous. As an illustration of the difficulty of catching both wind and tide among the islands, they tell a story of a clergyman who visited a neighboring island and was compelled to wait sixteen weeks before he could return. Certain it is that one may remain there months without being able to visit all the islands, on account of the uncertainty of boat navigation. Strong tide currents run for each alternate six hours in opposite directions. These currents, so powerful between the islands that no boat can stem them, they must take advantage of; and this they can only do when the wind can be relied upon. But when it suddenly changes, and the poor fisherman is kept out of the favoring current till the waters change their course, his case is almost hopeless among islands that offer high rocky walls instead of harbors, or on the open sea when such terrific storms are raging.

But it is when shoals of whales approach the coast that all the activity and daring of the Faroese character are called



into play. These whales, which are of the smaller kind, about twenty feet in length, they surround with a line of boats, and with spears and stones fairly drive them ashore or into such shallow water that they are easily destroyed. They are then divided by the officials, in which division the church, the state, and the poor are all duly remembered. Around many of their houses quantities of this whale meat might be seen constantly exposed to the weather till wanted for use. Cut into long strips, hanging upon poles, it might be mistaken for the famous New England product, dried pumpkin. In color, however, it is black as charcoal. We tried a dish for supper; its qualities were rather negative, and there is certainly little to recommend it when other meat can be obtained.

On Saturday night all work ceased, for although our captain was desirous of hastening his departure, nothing would induce the Faroese to work upon the Sabbath. Though refusing to work, they do not hesitate to play; for one of our party making the inquiry of a lady how they usually spent the Sabbath, her reply was, "Oh! in the morning they all attend church." "And in the afternoon?" "Dance and play cards;" and then added with perfect *naïveté*, "Oh! our people are very religious indeed!" On this Sabbath we were visited with one of those terrible storms so perilous to the fishermen when on the waters. The wind seemed to tear down the ravines—this is the only word that can describe its action, for it fills the air with clouds of dust and actually strips the turf from the mountain sides. Although we were sheltered in the harbor, yet the pouring rain and howling wind were frightful. Such storms are often local and of short duration.

These islands have a wildness that is attractive to a traveler, but are so removed from the great highways of commerce as to be almost unknown. They are lone mountain clusters rising abruptly from the ocean, beaten upon by stormy winds and ever-rolling waves, inhabited by a simple, hardy people of the old Norman stock. Though few in number, they have a romantic history of a thousand years, darkened by cruel feuds at home and invasion from without.

With them the clock of time has stood still, and in the homes of the "first families" may be seen the gentility of olden times. My friend, Mr. Symington, having formed the acquaintance of the widow and daughter of the former governor of the islands, thus describes his impressions of this Faroese home. "Gazing round as we take leave of our kind entertainers, I fix in my mind's eye the lady-like air and quaint point-de-vise costume of the elder lady, who, with silvery hair combed back from her brow, had moved about most assiduously performing all the sacred rites of hospitality to her guests; the mediæval aspect of everything in the room, from the stove to the time-piece, from the polished wooden floor to the paneled ceiling; the diamond-paned lattice windows, with their old-world outlook on the town and the flat wooden bridge, close by, which crosses a brawling stream rushing impetuously over rocks from the gully behind; the absolute cleanness and polish of everything; and the mouthily roses blooming freshly as of old—all so vividly impress themselves upon my mind that the whole becomes a waking dream of other days; and it would not seem much out of keeping, or at all surprising, were the emperor Charles V. himself to open the door and walk into the quaint old apartment we are about to leave."

But our cargo is now unladen, and our little boat is soon "bounding o'er the billows" toward her northern destination.

#### GOthic VERSUS CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

##### II.

MEDIÆVAL architecture has its claims to notice, we freely admit. For ecclesiastical purposes we would gladly see it generally used. But it must be a living style, even when employed for this purpose—progressive, and adapted to the wants of the day. A fine old Gothic church carries the mind back into rich fields of thought, and conveys an impression to the mind not to be derived from any other source. Within its sacred walls the feeling of reverence and love for the Great Head of the Church, to whose honor and glory it was raised, is irresistible. Why take from the Church this noble attribute, by making its style of architecture common—so common as to leave us in doubt whether the massive pile before us is dedicated to God or Mammon? The Mediævalists would have the Gothic prevail everywhere. If this were carried into practice, the wide portal, as it swung on its floriated hinges of bronze, would be as likely to open to the abode of Momus as to the Holy of Holies. The thought is revolting to our sense of propriety. Still the cry is, "Give us Gothic structures to build (or give us none), and we will adapt our favorite style to every want, both public and private, in a manner that will prevent confusion and all possible mistakes in regard to the character and purpose for which a building was raised." In answer to this, one may point to the new House of Parliament—the pride and boast of the British nation, as the most magnificent structure in the world—to show how successfully the strict adherence to the architecture of one age has met the wants of another. When projected, it was decided that

it must be Gothic, for the reason that its close proximity to Westminster Abbey required there should be no marked difference in the style of the two structures. By attention to this it was thought that the one would add to the attractions of the other; but it was soon found that the new dwarfed the old, and this was the more conspicuous when the Victoria tower attained to its full proportions, which tower was added solely to overcome the excess of horizontal lines, and give the structure more of the vertical (the leading feature of Gothic architecture)—a step that conflicts with a rule emphasized by the Gothicists, and which declares that whatever has nothing to do, and is added solely for ornamentation, is out of place and wholly inadmissible. Internally there are faults of construction which could have been avoided had any other style of architecture been selected. The difficulty experienced in hearing in the House of Commons is so great that a false ceiling had to be introduced, completely hiding the one that properly belongs to the house—and the Lords can hear none too well in their spacious halls; whilst many of the fine frescoes that adorn the costly structure are but little appreciated, owing to the want of sufficient light to examine them in detail.

But why dwell further on this subject, unless, indeed, we are so wanting in creative skill, so far behind the age that gave to the world the pointed arch, as to render an advance beyond what has already been done almost hopeless; and if that be so, mortifying as it may be, the very fact should spur us on to something more than servile copies of the works of other men's hands? Those who are called Classicists struck out boldly long ago. No one would think of reproducing a Grecian temple for public or private use. For all practical purposes, that would now be useless; and were it not that classic details are pliable and easily adapted to the wants of the age, all that appertains to classic architecture would be as completely on the retired list as the huge columns and other characteristics of the ruins that still mark the site of Thebes. And it would be just as objectionable for the Classicists to take up the Palladian, or any other period in the development of their style, and give us spiritless reproductions of what constituted the beautiful, according to any one master's ideas, as it is for the Gothicists to insist that we should conform to their notions of what is right and proper.

A new style of architecture has frequently been called for, not only to secure a greater variety in our structures, but also to hand down to future generations, as an evidence of the vigor and skill of the present race. But we forget that the formation of a new style, judging from the past, requires time and the force of circumstances fully to develop it. It is not a thing of a day. It cannot be devised, systematized, perfected in all its parts, and sent forth a complete thing, even in one generation. The Basilica, the first church of the early Christians and still used for this purpose, is an instance in point. No building in Rome, before the conversion of Constantine, was allowed to the Christians for a place of worship. When this restraint was removed, an ancient basilica was given to them, and it answered well the purpose of the Church as it was then constituted. There was the atrium, planted with the cedar and the cypress, the vine and the rose, with its surrounding portico, where the weary pilgrim could rest; and in the center the fountains furnished an abundant supply of water for the washing of hands before entering upon the devotions of the Church. The people were divided into classes and assigned to different places. The narthex, at the entrance door, was occupied by the penitents, who here scourged themselves, and were required to undergo a probation of fifteen years. At the upper end of the nave stood the choir, and on either side, from column to column, a closely drawn curtain separated the males from the females. Beyond the choir, and reached by steps, was the bema, where stood the altar. As the Church grew and had new wants, so its architecture expanded and culminated in the basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, the wonder of the age in which it was produced, and since then the admiration of all men, the Gothicists alone excepted, who see in it only its pagan origin.

And how is it with Gothic art, for which so much is claimed, even the honor of being "Christian art *par excellence*?" Has it no taint of paganism in its origin? nothing to remind us of its heathen basis? If so, history is wonderfully at fault, for it declares that Constantine, when he transferred the seats of his empire to the East, sought to unite Grecian and Byzantine art. In this he was successful, producing a hybrid (pagan on both sides) which found favor in Italy, particularly in Venice, where it was first introduced. It soon spread over Lombardy, and thence over Central and Northern Europe. On this mixed style was grafted the pointed or perpendicular, brought home by the Crusaders, who introduced it everywhere on their return from the East. It rapidly expanded in the hands of the Mediæval artists, who soon carried it to the highest position to which it ever attained, and from that point its decline was equally rapid. "It was in its glory," says the British Archeological Association, "as the geometrical decorated (having occupied about half a century in its rise) not quite three-quarters of a century: as the curvilinear it began to show symptoms of decline through another half century, and it struggled on, degraded and debased, during a century and a half more. So

that for only seventy years—only the twenty-sixth portion of Christianity—was pointed architecture in its glory."

And this is the art we are called upon to accept and adopt in place of every other style—an art about which so little was known forty years ago that its supporters have not yet been able to agree upon a point of departure for the new school, and who are by no means certain that they have discovered the principles of construction that were known to, and uniformly adopted by, the architects of the Middle Ages. And even if they are right in every particular, we gain nothing—certainly not a new style, nor one possessed of qualities that will make it acceptable, save for ecclesiastical purposes, and even for this it requires some modifications to suit it to the wants of the Church, which are far different from those of the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

#### GUSTAVE DORÉ AND HIS ILLUSTRATIONS OF DON QUIXOTE.

FRANCE can scarcely claim to have enriched her literature with a supremely great poet; but in Gustave Paul Doré she has vindicated herself, and given to art a most astonishing, imaginative, and essentially poetic mind. Doré's first noticeable expression of his wonderful genius was something unusual. Before he had attained his majority, he gave his countrymen a series of illustrations of Rabelais. Certainly that indicated anything but an ordinary mind. The remarkable fact about Doré, and which goes far to reveal a high and catholic genius, is that he went to the great and representative master works of the literature of Italy, France, and Spain. First Rabelais, then Sue, then Balzac, then Dante, then Don Quixote; and now he is engaged upon designs illustrating the Bible. Truly, a genius that seeks mental nourishment at such everliving sources of power is strong and masculine, having sympathy with the fundamental and essential. It is this selection and assimilation of the ideas and imaginations that have best expressed our humanity, that distinguishes a man, and entitles him to rank with the greatest. Doré has shown a rare power in the interpretation and realization in forms of art of the highest and most imaginative minds of the Continent; and in his wonderful inventive skill, his talent for composition, his sense of the grand and terrible, his understanding of the grotesque, and his feeling for richness and all affluent and impassioned elements, has revealed himself as an originator prolific almost beyond belief, and strange and exceptional to a degree that places him alone among the master-designers of the world. That Doré should have produced so much and yet be this side of thirty is not the least astonishing fact about him.

The first thing to be remarked of Doré is that everything he has done is characterized by audacity; the sensational, the dramatic, the imaginative are the qualities he expresses most. He indulges in exaggerations not to be paralleled except in the works of Fuseli and Victor Hugo; is full of startling effects, and seems to combine Rembrandt's sense of gloom and depth of shadow with Tintoretto's or Rubens's genius for vigorous and swift handling, and skill in grouping. Doré is far removed from realism; but such is the kingly nature of his imagination that he controls all subjects, and seldom fails to express the essential truth of idea or spirit involved in his materials.

It is difficult to write of a genius so eccentric and communicative as that of Doré without enthusiasm, and therefore exaggeration. The moment you look at his designs, unless your artistic sense is sheathed in a hard, impenetrable, and unyielding coat of literalism, you are subjected and impressed, or the tranquillity necessary to critical inspection is disturbed, and you are tyrannized over by the potent and unhesitating genius of a swift and all-conceiving mind.

Doré indicated all the great qualities of his nature in his illustrations of the "Wandering Jew;" his later works show more knowledge and an extension of his executive power, but no greater conception or imagination. The "Wandering Jew" made a profound impression in England as well as in France, and Doré was greeted as a singular, powerful, and original genius. About three years ago he gave his illustrations of Dante's "Inferno," which many take as his greatest work. The criticism to be made on his illustrations of Dante is this: while Doré embodied in a complete and grand manner the sublime, the awful, and the imaginative of Dante, he failed to express his tenderness and pathos, and to observe that judicious and impressive reticence, that latent power, and that terrible simplicity and stern realism, which perhaps more than anything distinguishes the genius of the severe Tuscan poet.

A word about Doré's relation to nature: He seems to see the whole material world, not simply as an organization of inert matter, but as symbols of struggle, of suffering, of passion. The very clouds shape themselves into weird forms, as of Crusaders and spirits, and attend the dreaming soul to quicken, to reproach, to oppress, or to elevate. "Curtained in dusk and splended folds," the earth with its burden "spins through all the grooves of change," and the "Wandering Jew" of Doré's designs rushes on in his intolerable and unrelenting journey. The leaves droop where he walks, the sky flames over him, the water curls under him, and million faces stare in ghastly reproach from the unsounded deep. The immortal Don Quixote starts on his ad



ventures, and the clouds file off and form again, and the heavens seem crowded with giants and knights, and beautiful damsels rescued from outrage; and the poor Don, victim of his illusions, beholds in the very vapors that gather over him in the setting sun, the conflict, the splendor, and the glory of that world shaped out of the fantastic elements of his thought. In the "Inferno," Doré finds the motive for expressing the same sense of nature—subordinate to human feeling and imagination. He embodies in forms of art the most airy and intangible imaginations. Through gloom, through abysses of darkness, he leads us to flash a light on the depths, and finally brings us forth from the lurid gulfs of hell, under the clear-shining stars and under the cool, sweet sky, fellow-pilgrims and sufferers with that grim bard—the sad, tender, inflexible, and much worn Dante.

Doré's last work, illustrations of "Don Quixote," and which is the immediate occasion of our present article, with the exception of his "Wandering Jew," is his most complete and expressive production. "Don Quixote" is nearer to the nationality of Doré than the "Inferno," inasmuch as it has the sparkle of wit and the sunshine of humor of the universal life of man, and is less sectarian than the former, and therefore Doré is more uniformly successful in his designs for the same.

It is not necessary that we write in detail of the illustrations of "Don Quixote." It is sufficient for us to have taken them as data for our generalizations in our present paper. Adequate statement of the worth of this superb work would require much more space than can be had in the ROUND TABLE. In conclusion, we would remark that Doré's illustrations of Don Quixote are rich and various; that they express the landscape nature of Spain in a grand and intelligent manner; that they give us the richness of its architecture, something of the barbaric splendor of the Moors, the stateliness of the Spanish character; and the characterization of Don Quixote and Sancho Pansa is the most satisfactory that we know. The work is at once a proof of the genius of Doré, of the skill and understanding of the engraver, Mr. Pisan, and a splendid example of the book-maker's taste. Finally, let us repeat the admirable words of a recent critic in Paris: "Gustave Paul Doré is a great and marvelous genius—a poet such as a nation produces once in a thousand years. He is the most imaginative, the profoundest, the most productive poet that has ever sprung from the French race."

#### AMERICAN POPULAR BALLADS.

NOT many days since, a name that was once a household word throughout our land was placed upon the silent records of the tomb—that of Stephen C. Foster. The reader cannot have forgotten that to this man the American nation has been indebted for much of the most remarkable ballad-music ever penned. He was the leading negro-melodist—the representative of a short-lived school of popular music peculiar to this country. By their marked originality, his songs must command attention so long as they see the light, and owing to the peculiar nature of the sources whence he drew his ideas, both musical and poetical, an especial interest will attach to them in connection with the historical record of the times in which they were sung. As indexes of the popular taste in the United States prior to, and for a short period after, the year of grace, 1850, they will prove invaluable to posterity. The Southern darkey—we hardly called him slave—was then in the zenith of his supposed happiness, and nothing blacker or more to be feared than his own grotesque shadow attended his footsteps. He was at once the butt and the amusement of the several millions of "white folks" who formed the American people. He was the accepted court-fool, to employ a Celticism, of the proud Republic and to be merry and, in so being, afford merriment to his betters, was looked upon as prominent among his duties. So positive an attraction was the plantation negro to the people at large, that for some ten or twelve years before Foster came into notice a few white men had found it highly remunerative to study his idiosyncrasies, his pitiable dialect, his habits of life, and, after the application of burnt-cork to their faces and hands, to illustrate plantation scenes upon the mimic stage.

Whatever merit ever existed in the repertory of the Ethiopian minstrels in their palmiest days, is contained in those simple, quaint, humorous, and pathetic compositions of Foster. They are admirable in their way, and, although their way was not altogether commendable, still we think that their influence was beneficial upon public taste, which had in musical matters, if we can believe our most vivid recollections, dropped very low. Foster possessed a fund of plaintive melody which, had it coursed through more respected channels in art, might have given him a proud position as a composer. As it was, he can hardly be said to have been more than an amateur writer. We believe that he was only tolerably acquainted with the rules of composition, and in putting his ideas upon paper did so rather as a recreation, for he was engaged in some active mercantile calling until within a short period before his death. One of his first essays, if not the first, was that familiar song, "Uncle Ned."

Foster, like many a man before him, seems never to have

rightly valued his own talents. He evinced in his humble rhymes not merely comic ability, but true humor, with its proper balance, genuine pathos. While he made us laugh at his caricatures, he seldom failed to awaken our sympathies in Sambo's behalf. Generally, he adopted what has come to be considered the plantation dialect in weaving his verses, and dexterously forced a poetic aroma, so to speak, from subjects which refined sense could hardly deem savory. Thus, "orange blossoms," "cinnamon-trees," "gum-trees," "fragrant lilies," etc., were often luckily employed to overpower the inodorous idea suggested by the aggravating twang and grotesque description involved in the song. His most popular production, and the type song of the class, was unquestionably "Old Folks at Home," the melody of which was ludicrously indicative of darkey pathos, though inartistic to a degree unusual even with his unschooled pen. "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground" possessed more merit and caused more tears among audiences, but it did not bear the darkey stamp so plainly as "Old Folks at Home." "Nelly was a Lady," "My old Kentucky Home," "Oh, Susanna!" in turn had their day, and were found beside the guitar or piano-forte in every household. Why we regard Foster's influence as having been beneficial is simply stated. The readiness with which he obtained the ear of the masses was due mainly to the heaven of pathos that was infused into his ballads. This fact was soon discovered by the poetasters and tune-catchers of the day, and all sought to imitate his "style"—which, after all, proved no easy task. He was a willing, but most probably an unwitting agent in the work of lifting to a tolerably respectable standard the musical taste and sentiment of the nation at large. North, South, East, and West, the people are alike indebted to him for putting them upon the right track in regard to these infallible indexes of refinement. He worked the field of negro melody quite thoroughly, and in a few years quitted it for light-complexioned themes. "Old Dog Tray" was not a negro song in any sense of the term, although its reputation was made through the minstrel troupes. "Hard Times," "Gentle Annie," "I see Her still in my Dreams," "Lulu is Gone," "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair," "Maggie, Dear," "Willie we have Missed You," all by Foster, completely revolutionized taste alike in town and country, and emancipated it entirely from plantation influence. Here, after he had washed away a deal of absolute dirt and rubbish, Foster's mission as a reformer ended.

Negro minstrelsy seems to have owed its rise and progress to a reaction in the public mind consequent upon an overdose of psalm-singing—not, and we beg not to be misunderstood upon the point, from a dislike of psalmody as cultivated in the temples of worship, but from a weariness with the monotony of secular music that sought growth here thirty, forty, and fifty years ago. The glees, rondos, songs, and musical fancies of the last generation and of the generation before that, and which were taught in all the village singing-schools, were nothing but solid chunks of harmony or adamantine bits of tune, without claim to popularity, save and except that it was fashionable to learn, and, if possible, inwardly digest them. "Ruth and Naomi," and similar leaden compositions, dulled the public ear so that even the passably rollicking air, "Gaily the Troubadour," could scarce obtain a satisfactory hearing. It was apparently voted to throw music along with the other prescription to the dogs, when the bones and banjo struck up an alliance and attracted attention in a "break-down" and the "Essence of Old Virginny." The utter novelty, added to the comicality of the thing, mutually drew attention, and it is easy to understand how a quaint style of amusement, such as Ethiopian minstrelsy was at the outset, degenerated into a barbaric desecration of all principles of terpsichorean and musical art. The insoluble conundrum and the indigestible jest were borrowed from the circus, and the process of reducing the youth of the country to the level of gibbering idiots was duly organized and entered upon.

While, contrary to the accepted dictum, the Ethiopians upon the stage have in a measure changed and are still changing their skin (and we sincerely congratulate the country that such is the case), we cannot overlook the fact that further improvements are needed. The senseless still enters too largely into the programme of every evening's entertainment. The habit of burlesquing, also, has led performers to lay profane hands upon subjects far too sacred, thereby tending to bring religion and morality into disfavor with the class of persons whose inclinations bring them to these haunts of the sable Momus. Glancing at the matter broadly, however, we see that the chances for developing a healthier musical taste through the various minstrel companies are still good. Although we apparently do not realize it, Americans are rapidly becoming the most musical people of the age. The American voice, whether male or female, in the average is naturally purer, sweeter, and of greater register than that of European nations. It is not yet cultivated—it is shamefully neglected—but under good training we might outstep Germany and Italy together. A national prejudice against singing in public has prevented the growth of native artists and of opera, but the prejudice seems to be wearing off under the influence of the successes attained by the Patti sisters, Miss Kellogg, Madame Ssaini (Hinkley), Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mr. Castle, Mr. Campbell,

and singers of less repute. By-and-by it will be well understood that to excel on the lyric stage or in the concert-room is quite as respectable as writing a book or turning pennies in Wall street. Then will our musical salvation be insured. But until then, as the needle points in the right direction, there is no occasion for uneasiness concerning the potency of the Ethiopian stage. Let well alone. With some little exception now and then, there is very little music sung or played at Bryants' Minstrel Hall or by Wood's company that might not with propriety be heard under fair-complexioned auspices in the Boston Music Hall or the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Many a boy makes his first acquaintance with Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Verdi, *et id omne genus*, by means of a quarter of a dollar and a cheerful evening spent at these and like resorts. Unless the past be no criterion of the future, the Chrysties, Emmetts, Bryants, and Buckleys of 1875 will be the accepted Mazzolenis and Brignolis of the domestic lyric drama that is to grow out of the primary school of negro minstrelsy.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE ALPHABET.

IT is a seemingly extravagant assertion, and yet quite within the bounds of truth, that among the many millions of readers comparatively few have yet learned their letters. They know, indeed, that A, B, C, by common consent, stand for certain sounds of articulate speech; but how or when the idea was first conceived of analyzing speech into its elementary sounds, and designating each by a fixed sign, or what is the bond of union between the character and the sound which it represents, are questions which perhaps have not even suggested themselves to their minds. The alphabet is to them the starting-point in knowledge, an ultimate fact which, like first truths in reasoning, neither requires nor admits of explanation. Or, at most, they suppose it to have occupied the same relative position in the history of the race that it did in their own education. If not exactly a gift of nature, a part of the outfit of the primitive man, it is yet so simple and natural an expedient, and so indispensable, that the knowledge of it must have been acquired far back in the childhood of the race, where the memory of it, as in the case of the individual, has been lost. Besides, does not all recorded history presuppose it? How, then, except from uncertain tradition, can we gain any knowledge of the first invention? Even among the better informed the facts known concerning its history are few and meager. That we have received it from the Romans, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and they in turn from the Phœnicians—beyond this the knowledge of few extends.

And yet the subject is worthy of more attention, as well from its intrinsic interest as from the importance of the invention, second perhaps to none in its practical value, and, for the age to which it belongs, as honorable as any in modern times. If we find nothing wonderful in it, it is because we are ignorant of the methods of writing which prevailed in the earlier ages, and which in a few countries still prevail. To discover the constituent sounds of a language which had hitherto existed only for the ear, in which each word was a whole as well in sound as in idea; to give to each sound its appropriate sign, so that instead of a separate character for each word, and an alphabet as numerous as the vocabulary itself, all the words of the most copious language may be represented by a few characters variously combined—this, which is the idea of our alphabet, is not so simple and obvious as we who have been accustomed to it from our infancy are wont to think. The invention of movable types, which has made the names of Gutenberg and Faust so honorable, is less wonderful than that of movable signs for the sounds themselves; and yet the world waited three thousand years for the printing-press after the alphabet was ready for its use. A phonetic alphabet implies a degree of reflection of which a very early age, or a barbarous people, would be incapable. It is not even universal at the present day. The Chinese content themselves still with a system incomparably less perfect. As the facts are not in general, so far as the writer knows, easily accessible to English readers, a brief survey of the history of the more important alphabets may not be without interest, and if it enables us to appreciate more fully the advantages of our own system, it cannot fail to be profitable.

Alphabets (using the term in its more general and somewhat incorrect sense to include all methods of writing) fall by a natural division into two classes, according to the principle on which they are constructed.

The first aims at the representation of words not according to their sound, but according to their idea, and accomplishes this either, as in the case of natural objects, by an imitative sign, or, in the case of abstract qualities, by a symbol, or finally by a merely arbitrary sign. Each separate sign stands commonly for a whole word or phrase, and if the alphabet is complete, for only one. In such a method of writing, the spoken language is first translated into the general language of ideas, and then copied into that of signs. To read it, it is not necessary that one should possess an acquaintance with the particular language of the writer, since he has already divested himself of it, except



perhaps in the idioms, turns of expression which are peculiar to it. This class of alphabets, for want of a better name, we may term *symbolical*.

Widely different is the second or *phonetic* class, the idea of which we have already stated. While the former are addressed simply to the eye, the latter are, if we may so express it, addressed through the eye to the ear. The very words are reproduced, not simply the ideas.

If, now, we compare this classification with the alphabets which have actually made their appearance in history, the oldest of which we have any knowledge is the Egyptian; and, for our present purpose, none is more instructive, because it combines both of the principles mentioned above, the symbolic and the phonetic, and exhibits each in its development. In the later periods of Egyptian history, three different characters were distinguished—the *hieroglyphic*, used chiefly in inscriptions, the *hieratic* or priestly, and the *demotic* or popular. But these are progressive stages in the development of one and the same system rather than distinct characters, the changes being mainly contractions—the natural consequence of more rapid writing and an increasing infusion of phonetic elements. The oldest inscriptions do not by any means carry us back to the first beginnings of the alphabet, but exhibit a system already considerably developed. By a comparison, however, of the later with the earlier inscriptions, and of the Egyptian with still ruder systems of writing, we can reconstruct, with tolerable certainty, the plan of development. The first hieroglyphs were doubtless rude imitations of natural objects. The figure of a hawk, for instance, first signified the bird itself. To express an action, a more or less full representation of the scene was given. But the difficulty of such representation increases with the departure from the sphere of immediate sensible perception. Abstract ideas are beyond its reach. Hence the recourse to symbolical representation. To this, moreover, the Egyptian religion would give a natural impulse by the identification of the gods with various animals. The figure of a hawk became thus the symbol of the sun-god, to whom the bird was sacred. By a still further remove it came to signify *swiftness*, one of the characteristics of the hawk. Where the points of resemblance are remote and the analogies faint, the transition would not be difficult to purely arbitrary signs.

This latter is the furthest point of development to which the Chinese alphabet has attained. It consists of from twenty to thirty thousand separate characters, formed by various additions and modifications from two hundred and fourteen primitive signs, some of them doubtless originally imitative or symbolic, but no longer so. That the Chinese have not invented or borrowed some more convenient system, is owing perhaps as much to the peculiar genius of their language as to the exclusiveness and immobility of their national character. The language is of the monosyllabic class, which does not admit of derivation and inflection. Relations of thought, which in other languages are expressed by such means, must here be expressed by independent words; the plural, for example, by the addition of a word denoting multitude. For such a language the Chinese method of notation is, to say the least, more tolerable than for one like our own, in which a variety of relations are represented by terminations closely joined to the stem.

The ancient Mexicans had a system of picture-writing in which both imitative and symbolic characters were used, and also in proper names the faint beginnings of a phonetic system. The Peruvians used, for the purposes of record and calculation, knotted threads of various colors, called *quippos*.

The Egyptians very early began to supply the deficiencies of their hieroglyphic system by introducing phonetic elements. The oldest inscriptions known to us contain them. The first phonetic signs did not stand as in our alphabet for a single sound, but for a combination of sounds, or a syllable. A hieroglyph which had hitherto been used only symbolically came to represent the whole or a part of the sound of the word which it signified, and thus an alphabet, at first syllabic, then of single sounds, grew up. Some phonetic alphabets have never passed beyond the syllabic stage, as the Japanese, the Tangutic and others.

In the Egyptian, the symbolic and phonetic hieroglyphs are used side by side, very much as in a modern rebus. Frequently, when a word had been written phonetically, the symbolical hieroglyph was added. Signs were prefixed to show whether a combination of hieroglyphs was to read phonetically or not. In the former case a mouth was used.

The question naturally arises, Why did the Egyptians, after having hit upon the idea of a phonetic alphabet, still continue for more than two thousand years to confuse and incumber it with the old system of hieroglyphics? The answer is no doubt in part to be found in the conservative element of the Egyptian character, the dislike of change, which showed itself as well in the effort to perpetuate the present by massive monuments as in the tenacious observance of traditional customs. The hieroglyph was also, as the name imports, a sacred character, and used in inscriptions even down to the latest period of Egyptian history,

though with a constantly increasing proportion of phonetic signs. It was left for the Phœnicians (or some other Semitic people) to disengage and consistently carry out the new principle—a task of no very great difficulty if the ground was not preoccupied by some other firmly rooted system.

The Egyptian hieroglyphs number eight or nine hundred, in addition to a phonetic alphabet of thirty-four letters. The system is not only clumsy but also inexact, since the same sign has frequently various significations, and, on the other hand, the same idea is expressed by a variety of signs. Frequent intercourse had not yet brought about a uniformity in the use of characters. The Chinese, on the contrary, in the effort to give their alphabet completeness, have made it so large that its mastery is the work of a lifetime, and possible only for a few.

The discovery of the phonetic alphabet of the Egyptians was a problem upon which scholars had long labored with little success, until the fortunate discovery of the Rosetta Stone furnished Champollion with a key to it. This stone, now in the British Museum, bears a tri-lingual inscription—hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek. The proper names in the Greek inscription furnished the sounds for the corresponding characters in the Egyptian, and thus a part of the alphabet was at once obtained, together with the means for the discovery of the remainder.

With the Phœnician alphabet begins a new era in the art of writing. The claim of the Phœnicians to the merit of the invention is indeed disputed. Diodorus and Pliny ascribe it to the Syrians, by whom some understand the Babylonians. And it must be confessed that not much weight is to be attached to the traditions of the Western nations, which make the Phœnicians the inventors, for these imply only that the Phœnicians brought the alphabet to them, not necessarily that they invented it. There are, however, independent reasons for ascribing it to the Phœnicians rather than the Babylonians—the only two branches of the Semitic family who possessed a civilization old enough to entitle them to lay claim to the invention. The nearness of the Phœnicians to the Egyptians is an argument in their favor, inasmuch as the alphabet bears traces of Egyptian influence. Though entirely phonetic, both the names and the forms of the characters point to an earlier hieroglyphic alphabet. The name of the first letter, for example, which appears in the Hebrew Aleph and the Greek Alpha, signifies an ox, and the character was originally a rude representation of the head of that animal. So in the case of the remaining letters, the character is the outline, more or less complete, of some object, the name of which begins with the sound to be represented. For B the word *Beh*, signifying a house, was selected; for G, *Gmel*, a camel, etc. The same principle appears in the Egyptian alphabet, where the name of the letter L, for example, is Laboi—a lion. In the Runic and Russian alphabets, also, the letters are similarly named, without, however, any attempt to imitate the form of the objects, since these alphabets are derived from the Phœnician. In the Old Phœnician the resemblance of the character to the object from which its name is derived is, in most cases, traceable; in the Greek, it is less clear; and in the Roman, which was derived not directly from the Phœnician, but from the Greek, still fainter. The present Hebrew character, the so-called Babylonian or *square* character, which supplanted the Old Phœnician among the Jews between the second and the fourth centuries before Christ, departs still more widely; and in the Arabic and Syriac it needs something more than a comparison of forms with the original alphabet to establish the identity of the two.

However the question of the priority of invention may be settled, it is certain that the alphabet originated with some Semitic people—that race to which the Jews belonged, and which occupied the territory between the Tigris and the Mediterranean, and stretching from the mountains of Armenia on the north to the southern point of Arabia. The alphabet is in so many respects specially adapted to this family of languages, that we cannot doubt it was first devised for them. One of these peculiarities is that the Semitic alphabet is properly only a consonant alphabet. The vowels were not originally written, though subsequently the long vowels were indicated by the signs of the weaker consonants which approximated most nearly to them. Now it is one of the most marked features of the Semitic languages, as distinguished from the Indo-European family to which our own belongs, that the vowels occupy in the former a much more subordinate position. The essence of the meaning resides in the consonants, which form, as it were, the skeleton or framework of the word, while the vowels convey only the modifications of the idea.

The small number of independent phonetic alphabets which have been introduced is a proof of the high order of the invention. The only others of any importance are the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, found in the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions, which is far inferior to the Phœnician and the Sanscrit, which latter may possibly be derived from the Phœnician. From the Phœnician have sprung at least twenty-five distinct alphabets, in a single one of which, the Roman, several languages are written. Through the Greeks it passed first to the Romans, and subsequently spread over the rest of Europe, while the Mohammedan conquests carried it beyond the borders of the Semitic race into Asia and

over the north of Africa. As in modern, so in more ancient times, Christian missionaries carried with them this alphabet. In the latter half of the fourth century, Ulphilas framed from the Greek, with some additions, the Gothic alphabet for his version of the Scriptures in that language. In the ninth century, Cyrilus, the apostle to the Slavonic races, formed in a similar way an alphabet for them. With the introduction of Christianity into Egypt, its mixed system of hieroglyphic and phonetic characters gave place to the Coptic, likewise founded on the Greek. Everywhere not merely the idea of the alphabet, but the characters themselves have been borrowed. It is interesting to watch the adaptation of this one alphabet to the varying requirements of so many different languages. We have space for but one or two illustrations. The Greek required vowel signs, but had no occasion for the gutturals in which the Semitic alphabet abounds, and so made vowels of them. It borrowed at first all of the twenty-two letters, but afterward rejected three, preserving two of them, however, as numeral signs. The Latin retained one or two which the Greek rejected, and dropped one which the Greek preserved. C and G had, up to the Second Punic War, but one character, corresponding to the Greek Gamma. At that time the G was distinguished from the C by the slight addition which it bears, and took the place in the alphabet which had been left vacant by the falling away of the Zeta, a letter which was afterward restored for convenience in writing Greek names.

The order of the letters in the Semitic alphabet, and which has been substantially preserved in the Greek and Latin, is very ancient. Several of the Psalms, and among them the one hundred and nineteenth, have an alphabetical arrangement corresponding to the present order of the Hebrew alphabet, i.e., a certain number of verses, one or more of which begin with the letters in their order. The principle of this arrangement is not altogether clear, but seems to have been founded partly on a similarity of the organs by which the letters were produced, and partly on the similarity of the objects from which they were named. For the former reason the liquids L, M, N were placed together; for the latter, J and K, the name for each signifying a *hand*. The reason why the established order was so carefully preserved is doubtless due to the fact that the letters in the early alphabets were also used as numerals, with a value dependent upon their position. For this reason, when the necessity arose for a new letter, it was put, if possible, in the place of one which had fallen away; or if a considerable number were added, as in the Coptic or Russian, they were generally placed at the end. The Arabic, while it preserves the original order when the letters have a numerical value, in its ordinary arrangement of the alphabet places together the letters which resemble each other most closely in form.

#### SUPPER.

DESPITE the foul fiend Apoplexy, and the Protean imp Dyspepsia, men will sometimes eat late and luxurious suppers. If inordinate cups are unblest, inordinate meals eaten at hours when the inner man requires rest after the chemical and mechanical labors of the day are equally undeserving of heaven's benison; and when the two evils are combined, as they often are, the double excess deserves something more than a negative rebuke from Nature, and, sooner or later, always gets it. People who gorge and stupefy themselves with indigestible food and strong drinks just before going to bed, are not *bon vivants*, but the reverse, and although they may say grace over their feast, it will assuredly not be blessed, but, as poor Joe says in "Bleak House," "tothered." Such suppers are not included in the esthetics of epicureanism. They are the carnivals of Debauch, and utterly abhorrent to that "quintessence of dust," the refined epicure. To such a one it is unnecessary to say "pray you avoid them."

It is our belief that immoderate suppers were at the bottom of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Gibbon does not say so, it is true. It would have spoiled the sonorous march of his stately periods to intimate that to over-indulgence, at untimely seasons, in minced hedgehogs, stewed lampreys, fried grasshoppers, baked dog, escolloped snails, and such "small deer," the nation "that filled seven centuries with a rapid succession of triumphs" owed its demoralization and decay. Yet we know that from the period when the world-conquerors became gluttonous, and commenced drinking Falernian *ad libitum*, as if it had been lager-bier, the *diminuendo* movement of the empire commenced. As its suppers increased, its territories diminished. It became dyspeptic and peakish. Its armed hand trembled, its legs grew gouty, and under the heavy blows of barbarians, who lived on simple fare and retired to rest with the crows, it finally went to the bad.

It was the same with the Greeks. As long as they adhered to their "bloodless suppers" of herbs, and fruit, and bread, they did well. But when their sensualism attained such a pitch that a parasite on his way to a nocturnal feast turned back unless he heard a roaring in the kitchen chimney of his patron and saw thick clouds of smoke ascending, from



its top, then Greece began to lose its prestige. In vain did that sage, though henpecked heathen, Socrates, stride into the supper-saloon crying, "Beware of such food as persuades a man to eat though he be not hungry, and of those liquors that will prevail with a man to drink though he be not thirsty." Lais gave her *petits soupers* in spite of the sages, and the fast men and women of the day thronged to her evening parties, surfeited themselves with unwholesome viands, and got disgracefully drunk on Chian wine. National indigestion, superinduced by late suppers, predisposed the Greeks to defeat, and hence their overthrow at the battle of Cheronea, and entire subjugation by Philip and Alexander. As long as the Spartans supped on coarse bread, sopped in lenten broth, they were invincible.

If we go further back into antiquity, we still find nocturnal gluttony exercising a disastrous influence over public affairs. It was at a sumptuous midnight banquet, in his pavilion on the Euphrates, that Sardanapalus was surprised by the non-supper-eating Arbaces and Beleses, and hence the downfall of Nineveh and the collapse of the first empire of Assyria. Belshazzar, although the grandson of a vegetarian (Nebuchadnezzar), appears to have been fearfully addicted to excessive eating and drinking after dark, and he too was suddenly pounced upon in the midst of his midnight repast, when he was unable either to fight or fly; and the next morning, at breakfast-time, it was announced by the heralds of King Cyrus that Babylon the Great had fallen. In this event we have a remarkable manifestation of the fact that Providence does not approve of late suppers.

The Anglo-Saxons, prior to the Norman invasion, were the most prodigious eaters of their day, and they sometimes prolonged their evening feasts into the small hours, devouring immense quantities of solid meat and swilling vast beakers of spiced mead and hydromel. It may have been the obese habit of body and shortness of breath, engendered by such gormandizing, that led to their defeat by the more temperate and active Normans at the battle of Hastings. Certain it is that the Normans introduced into England a more rational, and at the same time a more enjoyable dietary than that of the "Saxon hogs," as they were wont to call the subjugated race, and that the Normanized English waxed in strength and wisdom on their improved fare. William the Conqueror and his followers supped at 5 o'clock P.M., and turned in at 9. Their final meal for the day was therefore thoroughly digested before they went to bed. When they sought repose they found it, and the next morning awoke like giants refreshed, and ready for raids, captures, and confiscations.

Until the days of the Stuarts, the English supper hour was from 4 to 6, but that unhappy race made it later, and, with the aid of strong Hungarian wines, converted the meal into a prolonged debauch. And see what came of it. Charles I. lost his head; Charles II. died of apoplexy or something of the kind, superinduced, probably, by overloading his stomach at untimely seasons; and James II. succumbed to a second William the Conqueror, who supped at about the same hour as William I.

In the reigns of the Georges, however, the English got into a habit of taking their supper later than ever, and of drinking three or four glasses of hot spirits-and-water after them, by way of nightcap. The fourth of that interesting quaternity, humorously styled "the first gentleman in Europe," ate monstrously at night, and generally reeled to bed (when he was not carried there) full of meat and fiery potables. He lived longer than could have been expected under the circumstances, but during the last fifteen years of his life was decidedly the most bloated and unwholesome-looking animal within the limits of his own dominions.

Fortunately the day when enormous suppers were followed by enormous drinking has gone by in Great Britain, and the health of the United Kingdom, physical, moral, and political, has, we have no doubt, been vastly improved by the change. The quiet and exemplary Victoria put her little foot down peremptorily against such such doings, and thereby saved thousands of her lieges from the nightmare and other ills that arise from over-stuffing and tipping at hours when all Christian people, except policemen and military sentinels, should be in their bedchambers.

We Americans ordinarily take our last meal for the day at from six to seven o'clock. We have our game suppers, and oyster suppers, to be sure, now and then; but even these are comparatively light affairs, and the half bottle or so of champagne a piece but helps to give them zest, does not stultify us. Nevertheless it is better to avoid such indulgences. Breakfast at eight, dinner at two, and tea and supper together at seven, will be found a good regime for health. And then to bed (as a rule) at half-past ten or eleven, with an even pulse, a cool head, a quiet stomach, and a clear conscience.

To live well is one thing, to live "fast" another. The man who desires to enjoy life cannot afford to play tricks with his digestion. The stomach is a most unruly member, and resents all such cavalier treatment, to the pain and sorrow of the experimenter. To outrage the organ at bedtime, is to risk being haunted by retributive demons all night

long, and to be in peril of a fit of hypochondria the next day. Temperance and regularity are essential portions of the esthetics of epicureanism.

#### FATHER ANSELM.

In the Carpathian Mountains;  
Long centuries ago,  
The winter sun was rising .  
O'er drifts of glittering snow.  
Like a monarch robed in ermine,  
With flashing crown of ice:  
A glacier for his scepter—  
Stands the peak of San Potosi,  
Up comes the winter morning  
Across the frozen sky;  
And plants a crimson banner  
O'er snow-capped Chantilly,  
Down crashed a thundering avalanche,  
The ice-king's morning gun—  
From peak to peak the echoes shout,  
Their salvos to the sun;  
As mailed in silver armor—  
With golden tinted crest,  
He hurls his flashing lances  
Toward the purple-curtained west,  
Where the dark night is sleeping,  
With his head upon his shield;  
His iron corselet all unclasped,  
A star upon the field;  
Of the drooping ebon pennon,  
Grasped in his mailed hand,  
Which every night, by the moon's pale light,  
He plants o'er the azure battlement's height;  
Of the angel's radiant land.  
Up through the gorge of the mountains,  
Is drifting the blinding snow;  
And the icy sleet, like a winding sheet  
Has covered the rocks below,  
The blasted pine-trees lift their arms,  
Gaunt skeletons, to the sky—  
And crash and roar as overmore  
The northern wind howls by.  
Up on the side of the mountain,  
Like a leaf in the drifting snow!  
Is a curious little convent,  
Of the days of long ago;  
The icicles hang from the windows,  
As glittering and white  
As the locks of an aged friar  
Frozen in the storm at night;  
And the little painted windows,  
With sunshine dashed across't  
Are glowing like the ruddy blaze  
The monks have kindled to pray and praise  
And chant their solemn matin lays  
For travelers lost in the midnight and frost,  
Journeying over the mountains of Spain  
To Seville's vine-clad, sunny plain.  
On the top of the northern gable,  
In a little tower of stone,  
The convent bell seems shivering,  
All frozen and alone!  
'Tis only the wind from the glaciers,  
'Tis only the whistling blast,  
That swings the bell on the cross-trees,  
As it rushes fiercely past.  
For the little bell was molten  
Of silver and brass and gold,  
In the city of proud Granada,  
In the days when we are told  
A strange and weird magician  
Dwelt near Alhambra's well,  
Who blest the seething metal  
With a strange, mysterious spell:  
That whenever the dead should hear it,  
As they slept beneath the sod,  
They should turn in their narrow couches,  
And mutter a prayer to God.  
A stalwart monk, in robes of gray,  
Is climbing up the tower,  
By the winding stairs, so long and steep,  
To ring the matin hour.  
His hands are on the swinging rope,  
But he gazes down below,  
From the open side of the old gray tower,  
Far out on the cold, cold snow.  
He shudders a moment, and then with a swing  
The trembling bell is beginning to ring;  
Pouring its notes like jewels out,  
With a musical thrill and a silvery shout;  
Swinging and ringing and singing away,  
Calling the holy friars to pray.  
What sees he o'er the mountain side,  
That stalwart monk in gray?  
He grasps the oaken belfry post,  
And gazes far away.  
Far down by grim Nevada's pass,  
With tottering step and slow,  
A cowed monk was toiling  
Through the heavy drifted snow.  
One trembling hand clutched fast the hood

Upon his shaven head,  
The other grasped a pilgrim's stave;  
As with uncertain tread,  
He paused, as in a 'wildered dream,  
To list the convent bell.  
And then within the yielding snow  
All heavily he fell—  
"What ho!" ye quoth the stalwart monk,  
"To God give all the praise!  
That pilgrim in the drifted snow  
Had Father Anselm's face:  
'Tis many, many years ago,  
Since all in summer time  
We bade God-speed the holy monk  
To a far distant clime,  
And well do I remember now,  
How covered o'er with moss  
I gave him, all I had to give,  
A relic of the cross;  
'Twas rescued from the Saracens  
By Richard's giant arm,  
And oft I've heard the fathers say,  
That he who wore it aight and day  
The angels blessed and loved alway,  
And shielded him from harm."  
Then downward sped the goodlie monk  
And opened the oaken door—  
And to the ruddy blazing fire  
Poor Father Anselm bore!  
The cowl had fallen from his face,  
His locks were thin and white;  
All silvered with the dawning  
Of heaven's eternal light,  
His lips were pale as marble stone;  
His withered hands were cold;  
The purple blood ~~seemed~~ still as ice:  
One moment—and he rolled  
His glazing eyes above, around,  
Murmured a broken prayer.  
Then starting from the stony floor  
Clutched at the vacant air;  
Grasping his stalwart brother's hand  
Like some strange ghost he cried—  
"I'm drifting out upon the sea,  
All on a frozen tide!  
Good angels, closer, closer press,  
I'd have you at my side!  
Oh! Virgin Mother, help me now,  
For Him they crucified!  
I am a pilgrim old and gray,  
Stop! Stop! Oh! golden sands!  
Swiftly they pass the hour-glass;  
I come from distant lands,  
Take off your frozen hands, O Death!  
'Tis cold upon my heart,  
Only an hour, that I may tell  
The strange, strange things that me befell,  
And then I will depart."  
And then upspoke the stalwart monk,  
"Good Father Anselm, tell  
The strange, strange things that you have seen,  
And what to you befell,  
And I will say a mass for you  
All night with book and bell."  
"Full twenty years have passed away,  
Full twenty years and more,  
Since I, a sandalled pilgrim, sought  
A city by the shore.  
My journey lay through vineyard fields  
Where sunlit rivers glide,  
Where Guadiana's silver stream  
Ripples like music in a dream  
Toward Guadalquivir's tide.  
I reached the ancient city—  
The city by the sea—  
And told my beads beside the gates,  
In silence, prayerfully.  
Alack! my brain is wandering,  
I know not what I say;  
The ripened years seem but to me  
The blossoms of to-day.  
Years may have gone, I know not how,  
To the mysterious realm,  
A little bark sped on its way,  
Just as the sunset glories lay  
On the old city and the bay,  
A Spaniard at the helm.  
The crew was all of bearded men,  
With sinews strong as steel;  
The white sails hung like sea-birds' wings,  
Or fluttered as if living things,  
Above the trembling keel.  
That night the radiant stars came down  
And slept upon the waves;  
I heard the voices of the sea  
Moan in their sunken caves.  
When morning dawned no land was there,  
The sea was rolling high;  
First on the waves' white lips we hung,  
And then upon the sky.  
The swarthy pilot at the helm,  
Looked pale as pale could be,  
And said 'Good father! bless the ship!



Ere she go down at sea!  
 But there was one, I know not who,  
 Among the little band,  
 Seeming to guide the vessel on  
 As with magician's wand;  
 His face was stern as sculptured stone,  
 A pointed beard he wore,  
 And I have heard the sailors say  
 His birthplace in the distance lay,  
 By beautiful Genoa.  
 Full many weary days and nights  
 Upon the waves we toss'd;  
 The Spaniards swore with awful oaths  
 Our pathway had been lost,  
 And we should never see again  
 The purple hills of sunny Spain.  
 One early morning I awoke  
 For prayer at matin hours,  
 And all the air was heavy  
 With the smell of fruits and flowers,  
 Of grapes and roses and of blooms  
 Such as the Persian poets say  
 Are floating all the livelong day  
 Round Ispahansian bowers!  
 I gazed upon the arching sky  
 And on the glittering sea,  
 No land was there, the waters seemed  
 One great eternity.  
 The Genoese stood at the helm  
 With his stern face of stone,  
 Gazing, still gazing far ahead  
 Where sunrise flushed the waves with red,  
 In silence and alone;  
 But hark! what sound rings strangely out,  
 'Tis land! 'tis land! they cry,  
 No! 'tis the mist that rises  
 From the ocean to the sky.  
 The Genoese curled his thin lip,  
 And laughed him scornfully.  
 (Oh! holy brother, raise my head,  
 Give me a cup of wine,  
 My shattered memories of the past  
 Like broken jewels shine;  
 And death's cold hand will freeze my heart  
 Before the tale is thine.)  
 But land was there! I saw it rise  
 Above the dashing sea,  
 The waters kiss the silver sand,  
 Anon upon the beach we stand.  
 Come hither close to me;  
 A film is gathering o'er my eyes,  
 I'm gasping for my breath,  
 I'm icy, icy cold! bring fire  
 And lights. Can this be death?  
 I have a glorious vision  
 Of the days that are to come,  
 Sound ye the brazen trumpets  
 And beat the rattling drum!"  
 The dying friar started up,  
 Dashed from his hand the half-drained cup,  
 And shouted forth, with athen lip,  
 "Columbus sailed that little ship!  
 The future lifts its veil for me,  
 Behold great cities by the sea—  
 Where labor, with its thousand hands,  
 Knocks at the gates where morning stands,  
 And all the wondering world shall see  
 A nation great as it is free!  
 My brother, I am dying now,  
 Wipe the cold sweat-drops from my brow.  
 'Tis very cold, give me your hand—  
 There! there it is, the Better Land!"  
 The stalwart friar, clad in gray,  
 Upraised his cowed head,  
 And murmured "Roquiecat,"  
 For the pilgrim monk was dead.

#### THE ROYAL BRITISH BABE.

"ALL the world," says Mr. Emerson in his large orphic way, "loves a lover." For this there is good reason in the charming French lines:

"Qui que tu sois, veux-tu ton maître  
 Il l'est, il le fut, ou le doit être."

We all of us have been, are, or may be lovers—not exactly after the same fashion, indeed, since love, like poetry and music, is more or less a matter of genius, and it is no more given to every man to know what love is than it was given to every man to go to Corinth—but in one way or another, and according to the measure and the quality of their nature, all men can understand and sympathize with the "master light of all our seeing."

But all the world, we fear, does not love a baby. True, we have all been babies; but babyhood, although Wordsworth declares that then indeed "heaven lies about us," is cut off from the rest of our conscious existence by shadow-peopled gulfs. To enter into the consciousness of a baby is just as impossible for us as to enter into the consciousness of an oyster, that seemingly indifferent and egotistical bivalve of

whom Shakespeare alone had the insight to perceive that it might be "crossed in love."

Men love babies when they love them for reasons special to the privileged infant; they tenderly tolerate babies in general from motives of humanity and as a delicate tribute to the maternal instinct in woman, thereby sublimely differentiating our human kind from the lordliest of the animal creation, who regard their helpless young as nuisances, and treat them accordingly. What homage, then, more marked and absolute could be paid to the "divinity that doth hedge a king" than the kind of rapture into which all Britain, masculine as well as feminine, seems to have fallen over the first-born of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

When an old lady was seen going into ecstasies upon the verge and remote rim of one of those mighty and billowy crowds which the voice of Whitfield was wont to move and sway as the moon leads the waters, a bystander, perceiving that it was impossible for her either to see the preacher's face or distinctly make out what he was saying, asked her the cause of her emotion. "You cannot see Mr. Whitfield," he remonstrated, "and you cannot hear him; what is it, then, that so moves you?" "Oh, sir!" replied the venerable devotee, "it is the bobbing of his blessed wig!"

This worship of a wig has been fairly outdone by our transatlantic cousins. The United Kingdom is beside itself with wonder, love, and praise over the cradle of the new prince, and raves about the "romance" of his advent into the world as if no such remarkable concatenation of circumstances had interrupted the even tenor of obstetrical history since Romulus and Remus inspired the heart of a she-wolf with the tenderest and most laudable emotions. In point of fact, however, the chronicle of the young prince's first hours bears a much closer resemblance to the annals of "P. P. Clark of the Parish" than to the heroic legends of the Seven-Hilled City. This resemblance is not, we regret to say, confined to the triviality, but extends even to the occasional impropriety of that veracious history.

Our English friends are so continually snubbing the Yankee press and people for their prurient and impertinent curiosity concerning famous men and women, that we can only attribute the style in which they themselves serve up to half-a-million breakfast tables the minutest details of a young mother's pain and bliss to what we should here, in the slang of the day, denominate "prince-on-the-brain." To criticise this style fully would require us to fall into it ourselves somewhat beyond what is "convenient." To the London scribe, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, is apparently a sort of myth incapable of the modesties of nature. He traces her anxieties on the morning of the eventful day with more than an old wife's close and scientific scrutiny; applauds the "pluck" with which, disdaining to "make a fuss," she jumped into her pony-wagon and drove off to see her lord and his friends enjoy the healthful sport of skating; commends the watchful attendants who shook their heads over the proceeding; details the gradual dawning upon her mind of the conviction that her time was come; sympathizes with the distinguished Sieveking and the illustrious Farre, who, being telegraphed for after holding themselves in readiness for the great event through many weeks, were, by stupid railway officials, thwarted of their hope, and came upon the scene of passion just ten minutes too late; and calls upon all the "hardworking general practitioners of the realm" to exult and be exceedingly glad in the proud thought that it was one of their own number, the hitherto obscure but henceforth immortal Henry Brown, to whom Providence and the Great Western Railway vouchsafed the unspeakable honor of assisting the heir of England's heir to make the personal acquaintance of his nearest relations and the rest of mankind.

All this the London scribe rejoices to do, with a sort of solemn joy. To the American scribe, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, is simply a young and lovely woman, upon whom heaven has bestowed the ripest blessing of her woman's lot, and before that sacredness of simple nature he is reverently silent, as holding it something far higher than a prince's crown, something more worthy of respect than the shoutings of a loyal crowd.

We in America are cordially glad that the fair "seeking's daughter from over the sea" has passed safely through the dread ordeal to all motherhood appointed. Her high station but sets her more clearly in the public eye, and should therefore impress upon the public speech a more tender and considerate thought of her sex and of its instincts. The days are gone by or should be gone by when queen and princess were expected to live and die with no regard paid to their personality as women. They are simply now illustrious ladies, and should receive therefore at least the decorous treatment men extend to the humblest of their sex. There is really no intrinsic reason why the birth of a prince should be made either a ridiculous or a disgusting event; and though we feel a gentle satisfaction in the thought that a worthy flannel-dealer in Windsor made a good thing out of the royal *layette*, and that Dr. Henry Brown has joined the great company of Browns endeared to fame, we cannot but lament that the enhancements of human happiness should have been purchased at the cost of the rending of vails which should be sacred as the shrine of Isis.

#### REVIEWS.

##### MISS BRADDON, THE NOVELIST.

NOT many years have passed away since, in the realm of popular fiction, a throne of the first magnitude was occupied by the placid and respectable figure of Mr. G. P. R. James. The horsemen who, as night was falling, were wont to advance so boldly into the first chapters of his romances—drawing after them a multitude of delighted readers—had proved their prowess by winning for their master the sunflower crown of popular applause. And truly he wore it with grace. His store of exciting stimulants seemed unlimited. His equestrians were ever in the saddle; his steeds were never weary. But the summons came, at length, to which even monarchs must listen and submit; and presently the throne stood empty, and the sunflower crown reposed unclaimed upon its cushion; and for him who had worn it there were, let us hope, "rest and a happy place."

But thrones are not long left vacant in this world; nor are even sunflower crowns despised. There be tastes and tastes; and while the few prefer laurel, the many don, with complacency, less fragrant and less ornamental wreaths. And thus it happened that a new monarch was soon enthroned in the realm of popular fiction. Horsemen, solitary or otherwise, riding onward through the mists of romance, had secured the elevation of the former potentate. This time, however, the choice was determined by a flock of interesting bigamists. That choice naturally singled out a woman. A queen assumed the sunflower; and, in place of placid and respectable Mr. James, appeared the perturbed presence of youthful Miss Braddon.

We call this writer "youthful," because on no other charitable hypothesis can we account for the chaotic character of her too numerous novels. If young, she cannot reasonably be expected to know anything valuable about life, character, the mind, or the heart. "Wisdom," as she herself tells us in "John Marchmont's Legacy," "is a divinity whom we only meet very late in life." Her novels furnish no evidence that she has ever met that divinity. Logic, therefore, no less than gallantry, constrains us to regard her—and thus we are tolerant of her literary shortcomings—as still in the rosy morning of her life. Report indeed speaks of her as having had a toilsome career on the stage and in the editorial chair; but though her head were silvered with the frosts of half a century, still would her restless pen bespeak the budding mind. There are cases in which the verdure of youth never loses its freshness. A middle-aged spinster, nodding and smirking in playful mood, once asked Mr. David Hume what answer he thought she ought to make when people inquired her age? "Say, ma'am," answered the historian, with more terseness than grace, "that you have not yet arrived at years of discretion—which I believe will be precisely true." There is a peculiar significance in this anecdote as applied to Miss Braddon.

No observer of youth can have failed to perceive its excessive fondness for sweetmeats and for fireworks. These innocent tastes appear, in all their natural freshness, in the half dozen of Miss Braddon's novels to which we have treated ourself. They are honeyed with the sugary flavor of sentiment, and they blaze with pyrotechnical illuminations. In each of them appear lovers of the Lord Mortimer and Amanda Fitz-Allen type—fervid creatures idolized by the bread-and-butter admirers of "The Children of the Abbey." In each of them "the course of true love"—constant to its rugged reputation—runs uncommonly rough; while throughout them all glows a scorching flame of sensation, fed by murder, arson, bigamy, and all available deadly sins. It were needless to say that these works are constructed with little regard either to truth in nature or consistency in art. Incongruity in results is the law of immature effort. In our "green and salad days" we gush; and it is clear that Miss Braddon still blooms in that pastoral period. What wonder, then, that in story-telling her aim is merely to excite a morbid curiosity as to the upshot of a plot? what wonder that in pursuing this end she neither stays for brake nor stops for stone, neither regards the laws of nature, nor the customs of society, nor the principles of art, nor the rules of grammar? Why, indeed, should she? Her young eyes are fixed upon the goal—they do not scan the pathway thither. Moreover, the audience she addresses is not a scrupulous one. It is composed of crudely developed minds that only crave sensation. The child that nibbles its variegated confections is satisfied with sweetness, and does not consider curiously as to colors that may secrete poison.

We need not say that we do not pay allegiance to this sunflower queen. On the contrary, we should witness her dethronement with pious satisfaction. Wisdom, wearing its laurel and ruling in the realm of popular fiction, would be, to our eyes, a much more grateful and impressive spectacle than the greenest of heads set upon the fairest of shoulders, and crowned with the gaudiest of sunflowers. And this, because we reverence genius above mediocrity, and esteem the province of the novelist as something far superior to literary charlatanism. There was nothing essentially mischievous in that everlasting equestrianism of good Mr. James. One may still follow the fortunes of those



horsemen without being conscious of moral taint. But the pursuit will yield nothing. Aside from occasional felicity of plot, those books record only frivolous sentiment and watery reflection. We respect the memory of Mr. James, but we do not think that he deserved to wear a crown even of sunflowers. Does anybody remember anything that he said? Has he drawn a single character that lives in human recollection? We think not. He merely wrote stories that temporarily excite the immature mind—and there an end. Thus he belittled the art of the novelist. So with Miss Braddon. There is nothing essentially vicious in that lady's crude and spasmodic chronicles of bigamy, or in her futile efforts to emulate the constructive feats of Mr. Wilkie Collins. One may consume her scribble as she seems to produce it, by the yard, with no material result, save a general vagueness of ideas, and a sentiment of wonder at her frightful fecundity of trash. The experiment would be profitless though, and we do not recommend it. Miss Braddon has never drawn a distinctive character, nor correctly described an instructive phase of real life, nor wrought up a consistent tragic or comic scene, nor announced a powerful thought, nor let slip a happy poetic fancy, nor elaborated a just and rich description, nor, in short, written anything that entitles her to be honored in the world of letters. She has merely scribbled a number of trashy novels that are false to nature, to life, and often to syntax, and that are calculated only to excite transient interest in crude and uncritical minds; and thus she has belittled the art of the novelist. We can respect her industry, but that is all that we can respect in the revelation of those works.

The novel, in this age, has come to be a great educational power—a power that must work incalculable injury if abused. In the hands of a philosopher, a humorist, a scholar, a gentleman, like Thackeray (blessings on the memory of that great and good man!) it is a benefactor to the human race; it is a picture of real life illumined with the light of pure and high ideals; it is a chronicle of the development of character under the pressure of circumstances; it is a transcript of the workings of passion in the human soul; it is an analytic map of the motives of humanity. Thus, it is what a novel should be; and we who read it draw from it lessons of moral integrity and intellectual power, a juster comprehension of society, of ourselves, and of our duties to each other, the inspiration of kindlier charity toward man and of implicit and reverent trust in God. But in the hands of a trifler like Miss Braddon, destitute alike of genius and of culture, and only clever in constructing plots that fly in the face of probability, it becomes a mere stimulant to morbid excitement—the occasion of profit to the writer, perhaps, but to the reader, the occasion only of idle waste of time, ignorant opinions, and vitiated taste.

Is this an unjust estimate of the sunflower queen? Let the reader recall "Lady Lisle," "Darrel Markham," "Lady Audley's Secret," and "Aurora Floyd." What do these books evince, save a strenuous and abortive effort to equal Mr. Wilkie Collins in the construction of those wonderful and admirable Chinese puzzle plots for which he is so justly renowned? What do these books contain, save a various arrangement of the same incidents—bigamy and murder? What manner of life is it that they represent? What characters do they depict? No; the estimate is not unjust. One carries away nothing from the perusal of those volumes, save a conviction—like that of Mr. Latimer as to David Copperfield—that their author is very, very young.

In her later novels—"Eleanor's Victory" and "John Marchmont's Legacy"—Miss Braddon has abandoned the useful expedient of bigamy, and has assumed to deal with quiet themes. This assumption of intellectual repose is especially manifest, and not a little ludicrous, in the latter story, wherein she speaks patronizingly of "the improbabilities of a novel-writer's first wild fiction." Nature, however, proves too strong for affectation; and the improbabilities of Miss Braddon's last "wild fiction" are quite as glaring as those of her first. "John Marchmont's Legacy" is a direct and palpable imitation of "The Woman in White." Unlike that marvel of constructive skill, however, it is false to real life and incongruous in its parts. Moreover, its characters are as tame as sweetened water. Appreciating the charm of a mystery skillfully devised and skillfully unwoven, Miss Braddon seems to have determined to outvie "The Woman in White" by another story on the same model. This, certainly, would have been "a very ribbon in the cap of youth." It is true, as said by Michel Angelo, that "he who walks after another will never walk before him." Still, in the absence of original talent, a talent for successful imitation passes for something. But Miss Braddon has failed to achieve even this flimsy triumph. In place of Count Fosco she gives us Paul Marchmont, a clumsy trickster and a tedious rhetorician, who, having shut up an heiress in order to succeed her in an inheritance, is, by his own management, left at the mercy of six accomplices, one of whom is a work-house girl. His secret, of course, ultimately escapes, and he is ruined. But one feels no regret at his downfall, nor any sympathy with the triumph of the weak, selfish, stupid husband of the heiress, Edward Arundel. Had this latter gentleman been permitted to exercise even ordinary discretion in the management of his affairs, his wife would

never have fallen into the hands of her enemies; nor, had he possessed a particle of common-sense, would she have remained imprisoned one day after his arrival at the Towers in quest of her. Miss Braddon tells us that her villainous hero, Paul, was a terrible fellow—that "he would have played upon Hamlet more deftly than ever mortal musician played upon pipe or recorder, and would have fathomed the remotest depths of that sorrowful and erratic soul." And of his accomplice Olivia, she says that "she had an intellect that might have planned a revolution or saved a sinking state." This is tall talk; but certainly neither Paul nor Olivia do or say anything to justify such a glowing estimate of their talents. We will venture to suggest, indeed, that a single expert London detective would have discovered their secret, and would have had them both "in durance vile" within forty-eight hours after information of the disappearance of Mary had been left at Bow street. But Miss Braddon manifests a singularly cold-blooded equanimity in reference to the mysterious disappearance of members of the British community; and thus Bow street is never notified. In this particular instance, it was, perhaps, quite as well that she should be indifferent; for, in one year after the loss of his adored wife, Mr. Arundel—defiant alike of the laws of the land and the instincts of nature—is devoted to another, and proceeds with her to the altar. And then, to borrow a metaphor from a familiar farce, his first turns up, and the unlucky Arundel is obliged to lay down his pillicolly and take up his scuttle. And then Paul gives to his sister all the valuable trinkets in Marchmont Towers, and shuts himself up in the house, and apostrophizes "George Gordon Noel Byron," finding fault with the blank verse of "Sardanapalus," and sets fire to the building, and makes himself a most unnecessary holocaust. And afterward Mary dies, and Edward marries Belrida, and the sublime and terrible Olivia turns her attention to piety and the cause of education in her father's parish, and all is well. Nor is there one word in Miss Braddon's sounding peroration to indicate that she in the least appreciates the fun of all his solemn nonsense. On the contrary, she is all self-complacency and satisfied ambition. But youth has time in which to grow wise. There is hope that the green head may sometime be gray. Otherwise it would be sad to see an intelligent human creature so foolishly vain-glorious about a crown of sunflowers.

#### A POEM AND ITS EXCELLENCES.

THE new English poetess, Jean Ingelow, has gained a speedy popularity among us, and we believe it is well deserved, not more by the special worth of a few of her best efforts than by the general and uniform excellence that characterizes her whole book. Her pages present few examples of weakness—few passages that can be called faulty by one who takes large views of criticism. Especially are they free from the most noticeable fault of female writers, which we may call a sort of irreverence for language, which shows itself in a prodigal use of the grandest words and modes of expression in many cases where common things are spoken of. There is almost always a kind of luxuriance about the writings of a woman which betokens a habit of mind resulting from a broad education and large acquaintance with the world of letters, undisciplined by habits of severe and accurate thought. The exact expression of an idea is too often wanting in a woman's verses, while its place is filled by a sort of misty glory that sometimes cheats us into the idea that we ought not to inquire too particularly what is meant by so much magnificent indefiniteness.

Mrs. Browning, the most successful English poetess (if we are to judge of success by popularity), is by no means free from this fault. In fact, it presents itself to us upon almost every page of her volumes; and what is especially noticeable is that her earlier poems are freest from this defect. We are led to conclude from this circumstance that there was an increasing disproportion between her wide acquirements and the discipline of her mind to habits of accuracy in thought. That this disproportion is the main cause of the fault we complain of, seems evident from our comparison of the facts in the life of a certain English poet of some merit, with his writings. Mr. Gerald Massey's poems indicate a good deal of information and no little genius, but at the same time we find him particularly at fault in this very particular. He treats the English language to use a homely but forcible expression, "as if it did not cost anything"—as if it were his sole property, and he were not responsible to any one for the use he makes of it. Now, Mr. Massey's education was, from the misfortune of his birth, of necessity rather a process of "storing the mind with knowledge" than of imparting to it the discipline so needed by a strong and forcible writer. The same thing is, we think, indicated by the earlier poems of Mr. Alexander Smith.

That it is peculiarly a characteristic of writers of the opposite sex is perhaps owing to the fact that female education in general aims rather toward giving general information upon many subjects than a thorough discipline of the mind to habits of severe thought. But whatever the reason may be, the fact is one that cannot be denied; and hence we welcome with peculiar pleasure the works of one who seems

in a remarkable degree to have avoided the peculiar defect of her literary sisters. The earlier poems of Dinah Mulock showed us that it was not impossible for a woman of genius and culture to write simply and accurately in verse, but we remember no example of excellence in this particular equal to that of Jean Ingelow.

But it is not our design to enter into any general criticism of Miss Ingelow's poems. We desire merely to speak of a single poem which seems to us to evince poetical genius of no common order. We refer to that entitled "The High Tide upon the Coast of Lincolnshire in 1571," and we propose to copy the whole poem as passage after passage becomes the subject of remark, in order that our readers may judge for themselves of the merits of the composition as a whole, and not merely from their opinion of it from certain samples we might show them.

The poem opens with a picture simply and strikingly drawn, which shows us the mayor of Old Boston and the ringers climbing the church tower to ring the bells because of some urgent matters.

"The old mayor climbed the belfry tower—  
The ringers ran by two, by three.  
'Pull if ye never pulled before,  
Good ringers pull your best,' quoth he,  
'Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

The poetess here shows her power by exciting our curiosity, and thus attracting our attention, and we read on anxious to learn the reason of the hot haste of the ringers and the meaning of the particular tune they played. In the next stanza we have a hint, nothing more, at the subject of the poem; but still the connection between the first and second stanzas is only to be conjectured.

"Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message which the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beaids  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall."

The latter part of the stanza informs us that some strange thing should be expected from the sound of those bells. There is to be noticed, also, in this disconnected way of telling the story, a fitness to the character of the person who is represented as telling the story. The old woman, who speaks out the ideas just as they come into her mind, weaves into the story her own feelings and conjectures without "hastening to the event."

Then are introduced two of the persons of the tragedy—the narrator and the principal victim. The second line of the stanza is admirably true to nature and the facts of mental experience—

"My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes."

Every one knows how the most trivial circumstances are impressed indelibly upon our memories by some powerful coexistent emotion. The trifle occurring almost hourly, and which under ordinary circumstances an hour would have sufficed to obliterate from the recollection, is made as lasting as memory itself by the force of the great event which—to use an illustration we have somewhere seen—the trifle, in most cases, would have made no more impression upon the mind than a single grain of sand that happened to fall upon a piece of metal. But if the sand should be on the metal just as the die of the mint places its resistless finger upon it, the mark of the sand-grain becomes as indelible as that of the die itself, and the coin will wear the impress of the one as long as of the other. A breath would have blown the trifle away before, and no trace would have remained, but the superior power caught it, and it left its mark for ever.

"I sat and spun within the doore  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes  
The level sun like ruddy ore  
Lay sinking in the barren skies.  
And, dark against day's golden death,  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's fair wife Elizabeth."

The felicity of expression in this stanza is peculiarly noticeable, especially the new phrase to indicate a cloudless heaven. The picture, too, is complete. Never could painter make us see more distinctly the dark figure in bold relief against the evening glow of the sky. And no less distinctly comes to us the sound of her voice in the beautiful cadences of the milking song which is introduced here as an episode. First we catch snatches of the song, and then, as if the ear became more keen in its listening, we hear the full and flowing melody: }

"'Cusha! cusha! cusha!' calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song,  
'Cusha! cusha!' all along,  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth.  
From the meads where molick groweth  
Faintly came her milking-song—  
'Cusha! cusha! cusha!' calling,  
'For the dews will soone be falling,  
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowlips, cowlips yellow;  
Come uppe Whiteloot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;



Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

After the song the narrator returns to the story, and again, true to the garrulousness of age, she tells of the impression made upon her mind, and how she is afflicted now when she thinks of it:

"If it be long aye long ago,  
When I beginne to think howe long  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow  
Swift as an arrowe sharpe and strong  
And all the airo it seemeth mee  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee)  
That ring the tune of Enderby."

"All fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadow mote be soene,  
Save where fülle fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene:  
And lo! the great bell fare and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide."

"The swauners where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherd lads I heard as farre,  
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly messager free  
The 'Brides of Maris Enderby.'"

It is not until the following stanza that our curiosity in regard to the tune of the bells is satisfied. It means danger, but still we share the wonder of the people, and ask with them, What possible danger can be near?

"Then some looked up into the sky  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie  
And where the lordly steeple shows,  
They sayde 'And why should this thing be,  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!'"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe  
Of pyrate galleys wasping downe;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scope;  
They have not spared to wake the town:  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none and pyrates flee,  
Way ring 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

But the explanation of this follows speedily, and with it is given us a beautiful and simple expression of love and admiration for her in whose fate we are now chiefly interested:

"I looked without and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main,  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang againe,  
'Elizabeth! Elizabeth,  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,  
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.)"

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market place,  
He shook as one that looks on death,  
'God save you mother!' straight he saith,  
'Where is my wife Elizabeth?'"

How strong, how forcible, how natural is the expression of his agony—the necessity of doing something for rescue without delay. And how true to nature the answer of the mother, given as briefly as possible, and yet seeming slow to him in his haste!

"Goode sonne where Lindis winds away  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells begonne to play  
Afar I heard her milking-song.  
He looked across the grassy sea,  
To right to left 'Ho Enderby!'  
They rang 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

The exquisite naturalness of this passage is, we think, hardly equalled since Shakespeare. There is none of that stilted form of expression so often attributed to simple people who are made to talk in verse. The conversation between the mother and her son would have few words transposed if told directly in plain prose, and the expression of genuine feeling in act and word is admirably given.

"With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For lo along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,  
It swept with thunderous noises loud,  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud."

"And rearing Lindis backward pressed  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls againe.  
Then bankes came downe with ruin and route—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out."

These lines evince no ordinary horror. The personification of the mighty tidal wave is full of force. The impression given is that of some fearful, formless monster, swift and relentless, warring against the peaceful order of nature. Every line, every word, adds force and life to the picture, and the description of the terrible being culminates in that fearful conception of a demon in a shroud. And then the river is described also a thing of life, surprised by a sudden

foe; and as she trembles with fright in the very madness of her agony and despair, she springs at the breast of the advancing horror. Few passages of our literature are more admirable than this for vividness of description and success in personification.

The swiftness of the calamity is well indicated in the next stanza, and its last line expresses the completeness of the ruin.

"So farre so fast the eygre drave  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the graves at our feet;  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee  
And all the world was in the sea."

The next two stanzas give us a picture, in a few words, of the refuge from personal danger, and the terrible uncertainty as to the fate of those dearer than life, rendered doubly miserable by the absolute impossibility of doing anything to find out the truth. The "awesome bells," too, from the tall tower of St. Butolph's church, sound in our ears as we read, and we see over the deluge of waters the lurid glare of the beacon that the watchers on the roof saw that night. We understand now well enough what is meant by the "Brides of Enderby."

In fact, the effect upon our minds is pretty much the same that has been remarked in regard to that of Shakespeare's "Lear." It has been said that when we read that play we do not see Lear merely—we are Lear. So in this case. We seem to be upon the housetop—we seem to take the place of her who tells the story, so real, so vivid is the scene made to us.

"Upon the roof we sate that night;  
The noise of bells went weeping by;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower red, and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awesome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'"

They rang the sailor lad to guide  
From roof to roof who fearless rowed  
And I—my son was at my side.  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath  
'O come in life, or come in death!  
O lost! my love Elizabeth.'"

And so the tragedy has drawn to a close. The story can have but one termination, and this is given to us in a few words, but with a touch of pathos that fills our eyes with tears at thought of the strong motherly love that kept close to the bosom of the drowned woman her "pretty bairns in fast embrace." The famous picture entitled "Martyre Chretienne" has far less of the pathetic in it than this that is brought before us of the mother and children laid at their own door by the receding tide, as if the murderous waters had too late repented of their work, and made the only reparation in their power:

"And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst my daughter deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Down drifted to thy dwelling place."

In the next stanza the narrator speaks briefly of the calamities of others in the same woeful time, and with a sort of self-reproach for the apparent selfishness of her sorrow amid such general mourning. Yet she apologizes by repeating her reasons for special love toward her own:

"That flow strowed wrecks about the grass;  
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea,  
A fatal ebb and flow alas  
To manye more than myne and me.  
Yet each will mourn his own (she sayth)  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my son's wife Elizabeth."

The poem might appropriately end here—to add more to it was a hazardous experiment, to say the least. It is detaining us to hear the epilogue after the tragedy, and in nine cases out of ten the epilogue is just so much taken away from the force of the composition. In this case, however, the epilogue is not merely free from this fault, but it is positively an addition to the poem. It serves to round the whole into completeness. And the repetition of the substance of the milking-song carries our thoughts with the narrators to the pathetic remembrance of "what has been, and never more can be." We again recall the sweet melody of the song as it came to us first (how long ago it seems to us now!) and see again the figure of the woman against the sunset sky. And—because we do not wish to mar the impression of this beautiful closing passage by any subsequent remarks—we will say here that, independently of its position as part of the main poem, the composition is worthy of high praise as admirably designed to leave the remembrance of sweetest melody upon our minds. The irregular rhymes coming in often where we least expect them, the happy repetitions, and the harmonious flow of the whole, conspire to leave on our minds an impression sweet as that of "remembered music at its close." We have always admired Kingsley's "Sands of Dee," but we are obliged to confess that in this kind of poetry our English friends have "kept the good wine until now."

"I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore"

'Cusha, cusha, cusha!' calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;  
I shall never hear her song  
'Cusha, cusha!' all along,  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth;  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Where the water winding down  
Onward floweth toward the town."

"I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing throbbing in its falling,  
To the sandy lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
'Leave your meadow grasses mellow  
Mellow mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow:  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow  
Lightfoot, Lightfoot,  
From your clovers lift the head;  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow  
Jetty, to the milking-shed;"

#### MODERN ESSAYS.\*

A YOUNG Englishman, whose two volumes in verse had not secured to him that pre-eminence above the Poet Laureate of England which it is said he coveted in the world's opinion, recently betook himself to a country residence, where, having invested his surroundings with a chapter of dreamy traditions, and his personality in the guise of garrulous old age, he has decided to kill time in the writing of essays, "to throw the reins on the neck of his whim, to play with his own thoughts, and to ripen for the grave."

What kind of book has been the product of these intellectual play spells, the reader scarcely needs to be told. Similar fungi of the idleness of older literary men droop lazily on the shelves of every library, and feed at intervals the vagrant fancies of their owners. Afterthoughts and retrospections of writers like Irving and Hawthorne; pleasant reveries born of the long night sessions of Elia with his lamp; philosophies wherein all the beauty and humor and few traces of the secret bitterness of Goldsmith's heart were distilled—we keep them as much for what they tell us of their authors as for what they interpret in ourselves. It will be shame to us if, upon ground they have made sacred, we suffer a single pilgrim to tread without rebuke, bearing a tainted offering. Here is one who comes laden with fancies less fine than those he had put into rhythm before, and with the same piteous yearning after the praise of men that made the "Life Drama" a beggar's carol. "I would rather," he cries, "build a fine sonnet than have built St. Paul's. I would rather be the discoverer of a new image than the discoverer of a new planet. Fine phrases I value more than bank-notes. I have ear for no other harmony than the harmony of words. To be occasionally quoted is the only fame I ask for!" Again exclaims this new Alexander in an irrepressible burst of selfishness, "We cannot help thinking that all things exist for our particular selves. \* \* \* I think it a matter of complaint that nature, like a personal friend to whom I have done kind service, will not wear crape at my funeral. I think it cruel that the sun should shine and birds sing, and I lying in my grave. People talk of the age of the world! So far as I am concerned, it began with my consciousness, and will end with my decease."

There are people who will not scruple to assert that these plaints and this self-deification entitle their author to the public shoulder rather than to the public alms; and that a poet to whom the reading of Shakespeare and Milton is so oppressive and "appalling" as, instead of elevating his thought, to drive it to low converse for "relief," is not apt to make sure and philosophic inquiry into the higher and purer phases of human life. These judges are measurably at fault. In this book are elements similar to those that filled their author's poems with brilliant promise. The first chapter, on "Dreamthorp," is a piece of description to which Ruskin might have given warmer colors, but not a sweeter charm:

\* \* \* Dreamthorp—a castle, a chapel, a lake, a straggling strip of gray houses, with a blue film of smoke over all—lies embosomed in emerald. Summer, with its daisies, runs up to every cottage door. From the little height where I am now sitting I see it beneath me. Nothing could be more peaceful. The winds and the birds fly over it. A passing sunbeam makes brilliant a white gable-end, and brings out the colors of the blossomed apple-tree beyond, and disappears. I see figures in the street, but hear them not. The hands on the church-clock seem always pointing to one hour. Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine. I make a frame of my fingers, and look at my picture. On the walls of the next Academy's Exhibition will hang nothing half so beautiful.

The remaining chapters—"On the Writing of Essays;" "Of Death and the Fear of Dying;" "William Dunbar;" "A Lark's Flight;" "Christmas;" "Men of Letters;" "On the Importance of a Man to Himself;" "A Shelf in my Book-case;" "Geoffrey Chaucer;" "Books and Gardens;" and "On Vagabonds"—are written with varied skill. Rough-shod, alike over chaste and useless conventionalisms; tramp-

\* Dreamthorp: a Book of Essays written in the Country. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company.



ing upon homely truths that sophistries may rise to be clothed with a mantle of silver fancies; ruthless in fields which the pens of mightier men have traversed reverently; at times impressive with sustained eloquence—oftener monotonous, with repeated metaphors; garrulous; drawing interest in passages chiefly descriptive—in others disposing to the sleep where better dreams abide than in these wandering pages; weaving exquisite or nonsensical vagaries about a hundred wayside themes—the language of these essays saunters on. Old thoughts appear, decked with expression that makes them more beautiful; occasionally a new one steals out upon us with a thrill. These last are petted most, and some recur so frequently as to cause in our minds the same uneasiness that one feels when listening to a singer whose capacity of lung is being strained to exhaustion by too long dwelling on a single note. It would be unjust to say that in this regard Mr. Smith simply fulfills his own theory that in certain instances, after a man has finished his first book, "he has at once become 'a base mechanical,' and his successes are not much higher than the successes of the acrobat or the rope-dancer." For there are pages where the touch of the poet is as effective as that of the master, and almost as worthy to be admired. The chapters on "Men of Letters," "On the Writing of Essays," on "Geoffrey Chaucer," are delightful reading. The first named is almost strictly beautiful and true. There is new pathos in this ancient leaf from the history of the "literary life."

"How fares it with the men whose days and nights are devoted to the writing of books? We know the famous men of letters; we give them the highest places in our regards; we crown them with laurels so thickly that we hide the furrows on their foreheads. Yet we must remember that there are men of letters who have been equally sanguine, equally ardent, who have pursued perfection equally unselfishly, but who have failed to make themselves famous. We know the ships that come with streaming pennons into the immortal ports; we know but little of the ships that have gone on fire on the way thither—that have gone down at sea. Even with successful men we cannot know precisely how matters have gone. We read the fine raptures of the poet, but we do not know into what kind of being he relapses when the inspiration is over, any more than, seeing and hearing the lark shrilling at the gate of heaven, we know with what effort he has climbed thither, or into what kind of nest it must descend. The lark is not always singing; no more is the poet. The lark is only interesting while singing; at other times it is but a plain brown bird. \* \* \* The books of a great writer are only portions of the great writer. His life acts on his writings; his writings react on his life. His life may impoverish his books; his books may impoverish his life."

"Apollo's branch, that might have grown full straight," may have the worm of a vulgar misery gnawing at its roots. The heat of inspiration may be subtracted from the household fire, and those who sit by it may be the colder in consequence."

Other meditations, quite as pure, relieve the chaff about divers themes on many pages. The reader's patience, however, must be mailed indeed if he can follow the side-flights into metaphorical brakes, and stumble into the ditches of egotism, and strain his intellectual vision to the clouds of speculative nonsense, where this writer's boyish passion for plucking old literary fruits to pieces and playing the meteorologist and the miner on the way through a chapter would fain invite him. His tolerance must be mighty if he can peruse the twenty pages entitled "The Lark's Flight," without being shocked to sorrow and almost to disgust by the mingled bad taste and lack of dramatic power which thrust themselves upon his instincts. Here was an incident that, properly handled, might have been the germ of the only live and passionate chapter in the book. It is spoiled by a long, tedious introduction, an unseemly levity in the treatment of accessories, a couple of tap-room tales after the catastrophe, and a juvenile boast at the close. Demerits like these are cast in the same account with such vain blunders of expression as the following:

"Over the dial-face of the year, on which the hours are months, the apex in sunshine, the base in withered leaves and snows, the finger of time does not travel with the same rapidity."

The relation of apex and base with the dial-face of a clock and the finger of time, is about as apparent as the elegance of this description of summer adorning the West at evening: "Sticking his red-hot ball of a sun in the very midst."

It is idle, of course, to regard books like this strictly by the standard of what they teach us. They are understood as companions of our moods rather than as guides to our meditations. Yet the plea of the irresponsibility of the essayist, to whom the world is what the mulberry plant is to the silkworm, and who is privileged to cast the results of his careless spinning back into the world's lap for acceptance like the rain, ought not to shield them from the rigid judgment of those who believe that all true literature has a purpose. That book is unworthy which has not a sustaining force above the mere personal imprint of its writer. It is easy enough for any one to tell what he dreamed by his fireside on a winter night, or saw in the fields at noonday, or happened to think as a funeral procession moved by, or as a crowd of little children sprang up beside his pathway. If he possesses, like the present writer, a style which enables him to do this gracefully, the pleasure of the reader is so much enhanced. But if he presents mere pictures, without concealing yet revealing the finger of that sweet intelligence which sketches not simply to beguile but to illustrate, he has but a sorry claim upon his readers' sympathies. If, feeling this, he strives to win them over to himself by pointing ostentatious morals, and dangling

his own greedy aspirations like baits before their eyes, he deserves contempt. We do not quarrel with a philosopher for desiring homage, nor with a poet for desiring fame. But neither one has our permission to beg for it outright, or will get it for the asking. He may thrust himself into his work as much as he likes. We had rather see his work than his face, unless, indeed, it be some true and guileless face that we know. Let him beware how he turns upon us, except with a countenance lit by fervent light, and a hand beckoning, not beseeching. There is not a more revolting spectacle in literature than the miserable gauds and catch-pennies of expression with which writers of books akin to this seek to entice the public interest. The bold violations of taste and decency which go to make up the "effects" are natural results of a martyr-like popular indulgence. It is a disgrace to American letters that the flash talent of the baker's apprentice for making the biggest loaf out of the least dough has so long been suffered to find place in its annals. A few moral and a great many immoral ideas, a large stock of common-nonsense that passes for common-sense, virtuous indignation at wholesale, a knack at playing the iconoclast among the stoutest opinions and most sacred convictions of men, and of railing at whatever stands in the way of their own egotistical conceits—these are some of the possessions which have brought into fair estimation a class of writers for whom the finger of an impartial judgment has waited too long. If a man of society, whose style is an amalgam of wordy fustian and fashionable macaroni, chooses to write sketches and tales, and to edit a weekly journal, is it necessary that lovers of pure literature should forestall the ecstasy of madam in her chamber, or of young Mr. Dem'me on his sofa, with praise that must always be a note below the enthusiasm of that exclusive class whom Mr. Willis most endeavors to propitiate? When a man of parts, who began well, and has produced works the merits of which have justly and not in vain appealed for generous recognition, is encouraged to organize himself into a committee of one for declamatory sentence, according to the law of New England, upon what he singly conceives to be the follies of all men, is it the manly duty of the arraigned to bow down before Timothy Titcomb as before a god, consenting and worshipping? Or has a woman who sets up for author with a capital of homely tenets, a little learning, quick perceptions of the ridiculous and the affected, careless irreverence, and a periphrastic facility quite astonishing, any special right to the homage which is only due to something beyond and above the clamor of a flippant pen? Whatever may be the dutiful devoir of the community toward a woman in her own person, even politeness does not require that she shall be conceded place in the Sacred Temple for gifts like these. For one who abjures the gracious charm that even she cannot take away from the loved and saintly of her sex, to become the advocate of a course of training for the pride of American drawing-rooms before which a bruiser might stand appalled; in whose sight the reverent and tender intercourse between young men and maidens is a sentimental sham; to whose sensibilities the spectacle of more than ten children in a household is shocking; who dilates with vulgar eloquence upon the anatomical displays indigenous to public ball-rooms, but never beheld to the extent she describes at respectable dancing parties; whose daring fancy and turgid wit disport themselves like mummeters at a fair among the most hallowed functions of the social organism—have we, who need but to cast our gaze a little upward and behold a host of shining faces worthy of our offerings, either praise or patience to spare in these earnest days? Were such a woman to interpret without omission her musings over the tale of St. Agnes's Eve, or the Vision of Sartosa, the pages might have a more novel, but not a more wholesome interest. These are the very excesses into which the reckless, ungoverned habit of modern essay-writers, Mr. Alexander Smith not being excepted, lead them, to the primal delight, but to the certain final abhorrence, of every educated taste.

#### WAR POEMS.\*

It may undoubtedly be accepted as a truth in literature that good subjects do not always suggest good productions. We have heretofore given sundry criticisms of the prose writings inspired by the war: we regret that we can find but little more to admire in its lyrical offspring. There have, in fact, been less than half a dozen really worthy poems written since the rebellion began having martial incidents or sentiments for their foundation. Several reasons may be ascribed for this sorry phenomenon.

When the contest began, the thinking minds of the country were too much startled, too much shocked, too fully impressed with the necessity of immediate action, to sit down quietly at verse-making. After action was concerted and organized sufficiently to allow of deliberate thought, the gigantic folly and incredible dishonesty of some who held the conduct of affairs in their hands robbed battle of its lurid splendor and made the march of victorious armies naught but a successful speculation. The humiliating and the tragic-comic do not inspire even the most tamerous

poet to noble numbers. A beautiful specimen—as enthusiastic physicians say of other disgusting sights scientifically viewed—was the attempt to fudge up a presentable national anthem for a given prize, if we may so designate a prize which was never given. It was a typical demonstration, a sort of bid for poetic bounty-jumpers, since introduced into the recruiting system.

To-day the Government says, "Are you patriotic enough to fight for the Union?"

"No," says Hodge.

"Then I'll give you seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars to make you so."

And Hodge enlists, to make a very indifferent soldier, probably.

So the National Anthem Committee said, "Are you poetic enough to write for the Union?"

"No," answered the poets.

"Then I'll give you five hundred dollars to make you so."

And the poets went to work to turn out sadly indifferent verses.

These thoughts are partly suggested by a volume of poems lately published, culled from all sorts of sources, and entitled "Lyrics of Loyalty." Its purpose is, as avowed in a prefatory note, "to preserve some of the best specimens of the lyrical writings which the present rebellion has called forth." The compiler promises two more volumes to follow—one of songs and ballads, and one of "personal and political epics and rhymes," rebel as well as national. This latter bids fair to eclipse the present collection, if not the second also; for, to our shame be it said, the two most stirring war-poems of the day, which have come to our notice, are "Stonewall Jackson's Way," found on the person of a Confederate sergeant, and "Over the River," contributed to a Richmond journal by Paul Hayne, of South Carolina. These have the ring of the true metal, and bear the imprint of genuine devotion to a cause. Let the motive be good, bad, or indifferent, if the singer means what he utters, his utterance must be grand. If not, he had far better keep silence.

The only poem in this volume which seems likely to us to outlive the war which brought it forth, is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," written in the rhythmic measure of the "John Brown" chorus. The rest, for the most part, is a medley of shrieking eagles, millions yet unborn, Park Benjamin, Bungay, the thickest of the fray, swords and plowshares, Martin Farquhar Tupper, starry folds, liberty or death, and the bondsman's broken chains, with a strong dash of the "kiss me, mother, and let me go" style of sentiment.

We all know the statement attributed to Beranger, and a hundred other poets, to the effect that if he could make the songs of a nation, he was unconcerned as to who went to the legislature. This is well, perhaps, but if we had power to make the laws, almost our first enactment would be against the writing of such verses as these.

In nine cases out of ten, it seems precisely as if the poet had sat down calmly, laid out a fresh and smiling quire of foolscap, turned up his wristbands, rolled his eyes in a fine frenzy once or twice, and said: "Now I am going to make a war-poem;" and set himself resolutely to rhyme "fight" with "right," "dead" with "red," and so on to the bitter end. There is no thrill, no pulse, no tremor of the heart, in these platitudinal statements that the "chieftain" is quite able to sleep, "though tyrants tramp o'er his breast;" that "'tis hard to leave the babes that grieve;" that "when I come back, we will be wed," etc. The soul cannot be awakened to enthusiasm, nor can the eye grow dim over such twaddle. It is the quintessence of mediocrity, whose smooth and sapless iambs flow with exasperating faultlessness over subjects that should have set the wildest and most wondrous fancies ringing out; the wails of fallen ones remembering paradise; the curses of grim Valkyrian giants; the inextinguishable laughter of gods!

Whether we shall yet see the birth of the true spirit, remains a question. We hardly know if we have or have not a military leader equal to the situation, and doubtless he must announce himself decisively before we can expect to find his counterpart in letters. At present, if the pen be mightier than the sword, it fares but badly with the latter instrument.

#### RAMBLES AMONG WORDS.\*

TRULY, Dean Trench's books have much to answer for. Ever since those volumes—so excellent in their way—"The Study of Words" and "English, Past and Present"—appeared, we have been presented with numerous weak imitations by persons who, after a few week's reading of a dictionary, have fancied that they have made many discoveries hitherto unknown to the world at large. There is only one consolation for this, and that is that we feel that there is an increase in the number of those who are beginning to see that their own tongue is worth studying. Philosophy is a science which demands the utmost exactness, for it is one of the easiest to go astray in; and the writer who attempts to make a popular book on this subject must be a deep scholar. For it is only a learned man who can sift thoroughly the wheat from the chaff, and can judge just

\* Lyrics of Loyalty: Arranged and Edited by Frank Moore. New York: George P. Putnam. 1864.

\* Rambles among Words: their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By William Swinton. Revised edition. New York: Dean Thomas, 142 Nassau street. 1864.



what to present to the popular mind, and just how to present it. It requires a man like Max Müller to write a book which is really valuable, and at the same time interesting to ordinary readers. A work of this kind, intended merely to amuse, were better never written, for dilettanteism is much worse and much more disagreeable in science than in art, bad as that is.

To write a book such as this before us is one of the easiest of things. Take Webster's and Richardson's dictionaries, and fumble over the leaves till you pick up a variety of curious and remarkable derivations. If the etymology is disputed, take the most fanciful possible; treat of all these in high-flown poetical language, arrange them under the appropriate heads of "Poetries," "Fossils," "Medals," etc., and then interlard plentifully with excerpts from old English authors, not to illustrate any particular point, but in order to give tone to the book. All these quotations you can readily find to your hand in Richardson's Dictionary and in the Shakespeare Concordance. Then, for an appearance of learning, cite a little from "The Diversions of Purley," or some equally reliable work, and quote the great authorities of Skinner or Junius or Horne Tooke. Should you actually speak of Grimm or Diez, you are a marvel of scholarship. We would not by any means be understood as saying that this book was written in that manner, but only that thus one equally as good could be made.

There is one thing, however, about the volume which is very felicitous, and that is its title. A *ramble* is defined by Webster to be "a going or moving from place to place without any determinate business or object." This is exactly the character of the book. It is aimless and immethodical. It is merely an extended and superficial disquisition on the well-known facts that many words which were once of particular application are now general in their sense; that concrete words have become abstract; and that words can sometimes be proved to have a historical origin. To support these propositions, the derivations of some fifteen hundred words are adduced. The book is not instructive, on account of its unreliable and unscholarly character, for its author is not even a good Latin scholar. Neither is it very amusing, for a lack of order soon tires one of the most interesting subjects. The etymologies which are given are many of them dubious, and some of them false. Sometimes the writer is led away by resemblances which seem at first so patent as not to need proof, when a little study would soon display their deceptive character. Thus he says, p. 61, that the French *bonheur*, happiness, is *bonne heure*, good hour; whereas it is *bon heur*, good luck—*heur*, O. Fr. *eir*, Prov. *aur*, from the Latin *augurium*, augury. *Etiquette*, too, he brings from *ticket*, and *hawker* from *hawk*. At other times he wanders off in a manner which shows that with him etymology is rather a play of fancy than a science, as when he gives the origin of *ribald*, *haberdasher*, *poltroon*, and *pamper*, and especially of *bad*, from *to bay* or *back*. It is the easiest thing in the world to make specious derivations of this sort, disregarding the history and cognates of a word; but if there ever comes necessity of proof, the ingenious etymologist is completely upset, and driven to talk of analogies and resemblances. The chapters on synonyms and the growth of words contain nothing new, and nothing which does not suggest itself to any student of the English language.

The final chapter is the best in the book, because it is the last, and because Mr. Swinton there shows that he understands the nature and character of our tongue, namely, its catholicity; and does not, like many others, bewail the formation of new terms, and the use of words of Latin origin, but remembers that all parts have their offices to perform, and their places to fill, and that in proportion as English embraces the words of all languages, so much the more comprehensive and useful does it become for expression of thought.

It is stated in the preface to this volume that in this, a revised edition, "the author avails himself of the opportunity to incorporate several emendations made by the English editor." What these emendations are, we cannot conceive. We have compared the two editions, and the only change we have been able to find is that the headings of the pages are somewhat altered. There is still the same wretched bungling in the printing of a Greek word on page 65; pages 60 and 61 are still transposed; and *paganus* is still said to be the Latin for *herald*. To call this, then, a revised edition is an insult to English scholarship, and an outrage on the public.

## DRAMA.

### BOHEMIANISM.

Nuisances are a natural product of cities. Given, a vast aggregation of men, and we may be sure of a corresponding aggregation of moral diseases. Hence, concert-saloons, gambling-houses, Bohemians, and brothels; hence, critics, *crim.-con.* cases, and shysters; hence, flash literature, hiring authors, sensation plays, and humbugs without end. We do not propose to deal with these social abominations in minutes, but to take one as a specimen—and that shall be Bohemianism, the nuisance that more immediately concerns literature and the Press. Bohemianism, as it exists in New York, is said to be an imitation of a Parisian institution

glorified by the pen of Mürger and other writers, who have succeeded in throwing a veil of decency over a system that, in the clear light of truth, is simply disgusting. It were well if some Mürger or Shem or Japhet, decorously walking backward, would throw such a mantle over our imitation of the French article. The Bohemians are important only so far as they have forced themselves into notice by efforts at authorship, by attempts at criticism, and by inordinate laudation of each other. With one or two exceptions, they are young men of the brazen, sharp sort, who have a certain facility for didactic composition, or, perhaps, with the aid of Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary," and Roget's "Thesaurus," may set down lines that jingle sweetly. These compositions they hawk about printing-offices, and sometimes sell; and so, step by step, they make their way into notice, until people begin to ask who and what they are. It is not very difficult to be a Bohemian in practice, although it is another matter to get admission to the fraternity as it now exists. One may be a Therapist in body and mind, conspicuous chiefly for repulsiveness in manner and offensiveness in morals. One may be a *soi-disant* Apollo, twanging the golden lyre with loud-resounding fame, and holding in lofty contempt the lower level of his tribe. One may be of the delicate and ethereal type, with deep, spiritual eyes constantly looking for the wings that shall waft him to some Bohemian heaven. One may be of the sarcastic mood, with lips curled into a chronic sneer at the world, and an uneasy air of apprehension in his manner, as if haunted by the ghost of some newspaper which he and his fellow-Bohemians had strangled. One may be a hirsute satyr, enjoying an infamous but well-earned reputation for gallantry—a very Vulcan among the Bohemian Aphrodites, whose outward and visible form betrays all of the demon without a shadow of the divinity. Thus beauty and ugliness, grace and deformity, the gentle and the gross, meeting on the common platform of brutal sensuality, mingle in the motley mass that makes the world of Bohemia.

These Bohemians are directly chargeable with bringing disgrace upon the literary profession in this city. Notoriously partial, unjust and prejudiced, blindly worshipping one another, and always bought with a price, they have done much to make the public believe that all our writers are merchantable. With the department of Criticism, over which they have occasionally had some control, this is especially noticeable—indeed, it is difficult to make the public understand that any journal can give a fair and honest opinion, unless it can be shown at the same time that it was written by some one having no taint of the Bohemian plague. This well-grounded suspicion that certain so-called critics are paid for their opinions leads the public to put all writers in the same category, and many an innocent and conscientious author suffers therefrom. Not only upon the character but upon the business of literature do the Bohemians bring disgrace and blight. Some years ago they undertook an organ of their own, and for a few weeks it promised success; but Bohemianism even then was too much for the people; they revolted at its loose morality and offensive egotism, and very soon the paper was printed for private circulation only; it lived along for a few months, but the hand of doom was on it, and an early death ensued. The hyenas parted its remains among them and scattered to other haunts. Again, a gentleman who seems to have had money to waste undertook the publication of a comic paper. Before it was started the project was known to Bohemia; they insisted on naming the baunting (for a consideration), insisted on editing it, insisted on writing for it, and for a blissful period rejoiced in its weekly disbursements. In a few months it was plague-smitten, and all the nursing of hope, faith, and a well-filled purse was in vain. The Bohemians stuck to it until the owner had not another quarter to pay for a two-line joke, and then it died; since which time these newspaper assassins have been dispersed, but are always on the look-out for some credulous individual with the capital to start a new victim for their sacrificial pens.

The trail of the true Bohemian is easily found. Superlative egotism is his ruling passion. His real or assumed name generally marks his way; that wanting, the prolific use of the pronoun singular, stale puns, feeble witticisms, dubious morality, evident straining after effect, and particularly the staring capital I, betray the presence of the Bohemian beneath. Should all these signs be wanting, it becomes the imperative duty of the brethren to copy the founding article, pin the father's name to it, and start it with some such modest puff as this: "Barring the poetry by our young friend Snooks, the contents of the last number of the — are trash."

It is to be hoped that the Bohemian will soon become a creature of the past. It is hardly probable that the chiefs of the society will reform their ways. But they ought to make no more victims; enough have been depraved and ruined already—enough are lying in untimely graves—enough are heartily cursing the folly of "becoming like unto them" by taking the first downward step to Bohemia. It is time that our young literary men should take higher aim. Some of those now inclined toward Bohemianism give promise of talent; let them not drown it in lager-bier or smoke it out with tobacco. We want no more French fashions, no more underground carousals and all-night dissipations; we want the American home, with the domestic attractions and ties that God and nature provide for those who obey physical law; we want no more smoke-dried, beer-sodden brains to dribble commonplace trash, and call it criticism; we want *mens sana in corpore sano*, the fresh, vigorous thoughts of clear intellects, impelled from hearts that are not withered in their youth by wild indulgence. We want no more eleemosynary literati, but men who believe in the dignity of labor, and are not ashamed to put their belief into practice. We want no more scoffers at the world, no more acedotic cynics; no more Sir Charles Coldstreams, no more tub philosophers; but we want men of abundant faith in their kind, a faith exemplified in a literature that is at least calculated to make our brothers wiser and happier, that is honestly intended to elevate and improve the tone of public morality. This once achieved, we shall look back upon Bohemianism with a feeling of wonder that such a polluting thing ever had an hour's toleration from men who, on most topics, presented evidence of sanity. We shall only cease to wonder when we remember that the depravity of the times was such that the people of New York tolerated in the same days an almost equally polluting system of entertainments known as Concert-Saloons; we shall wonder which of the two held pre-eminence in wickedness, and breathe involuntary thanks that we are relieved from the infamy and the danger of both.

## ART.

### ART NOTES.

#### "THE FINAL HARVEST."

MR. JOHANNES A. OERTEL exhibits two pictures at Goupil's Gallery, one a painting entitled the "Final Harvest," the other a drawing or cartoon entitled the "Dispensations of Promise and Law." It is not necessary that we write much of these works; they are quickly disposed of. Both belong to a class of art with which we have no sympathy, and are of subjects which may be called effete, if not freshly treated. They are tame repetitions of ideas that have glutted Germany, and prevented the Germans from producing a great painter of cotemporary life. If one desires to know the greatest thing possible in this kind of so-called philosophical and high art, go to Kaulbach, or Cornelius, or Overbeck. Mr. Oertel's work is a weak repetition of the ideas and style of these men, more especially of Kaulbach. His drawing of the "Dispensations of Promise and Law" is manifestly such, while the painting entitled the "Final Harvest" is conventional to the last degree. There fly the angels, with immense wings and long gowns! Have we not had enough of this? Why must we still seek to galvanize these old forms with life? We of the nineteenth century do not believe in angels; we believe in influences—and why must these old forms of spiritual ideas again be thrust upon us? Mr. Oertel, it is a mistake, and neither philosophy nor metaphysics can make them good, still less art, in this day of science, of perception, of reality.

We have always believed Mr. Oertel a man of ability, but the painting of the "Final Harvest" is enough to undo our faith in him, and mar the reputation of any man. It shows what effete ideas will do to a man—misdirect him, and drive him so low that we ask, Is his power gone, and can he not even express forcibly the obsolete faith to which he has clung? If necessary, we will return to this subject again. In the meantime, we express our unqualified condemnation of the art ideas and the art work exhibited in Mr. Oertel's latest productions now on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery. They are less than Mr. Oertel's allegorical picture exhibited in the same place one or two years ago. At least we expected growth, but we find instead decay!

#### SCHAUS'S GALLERY.

Mr. Schaus has recently received a very important picture (by Hamman), long familiar to us as a lithograph. The painting represents Andrea Vesalius about to operate on a subject, and invoking God before he touches the sacred temple of a vanished life. The picture is great in idea, imaginative in conception, fine in composition, forcible in expression; but it fails of being great, simply because it is not realistic, or not intense enough in rendering of parts. Such a subject should be realized in a manner as un-intense and real as the idea is great and impressive. An idea has but little force unless its expression match it in quality and strength, and it would be well if our thinkers, rare as they are, would consider this fact. He who says a thought best, makes it current coin and stamps his own image on it. He who embodies an idea most completely in art, makes that idea the expression of his genius and the sign of his power.

HOLMAN HUNT.—A few fine photographs have recently been taken from an artist's proof of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and are now offered for sale at Goupil's Art Emporium. They are about the size of Scheffer's "Mignon," and are thoroughly satisfactory. As a lover of art, we thank the gentleman who ordered the photographs to be made. He has put within the reach of numbers who could not afford to buy the expensive and beautiful engraving, a true copy of the same. The picture is most singular and wonderful, and belongs to that rare class of work which expresses the supernatural in the real.

Holman Hunt, as is well known, is one of the three great leaders of the English pre-Raphaelite school of art. We have no extensive acquaintance with his works except through reading. W. J. Stillman wrote some eight years ago a very readable paper on the English pre-Raphaelites, from which we quote: "Millais' great forte is great power of gorgeous coloring, and tenderness of expression, while Hunt's works are of a graver and more massive description; his color is not so brilliant, but sadder; his execution more correct, if it be more laborious; you perceive everything to be the result of powerful thinking and earnest, concentrated attention, and the incontestable vigor of his designs shows a mind bent on one object." Hunt's "Light of the World" has been recognized and classed among the greatest productions of art. Some years ago a small copy of this picture was exhibited in this city. At the time, most persons who looked at it regarded it as an interesting copy or imitation of medieval art. It reminded them of illuminations found in the missals of the dark ages. Few saw it as a picture remarkable in power of expression, subtle and full in thought, and highly symbolical. To us it is the most fascinating, awe-inspiring, and profound embodiment of our Saviour that we have ever seen. Besides its intense and searching face—a face brooding, tender, and full of wisdom and meekness—all other renderings of Christ seem childish or pretty or romantic. This alone seems real and possible. It is at once beautiful, awful, and appealing. It is Hunt's greatest work we should judge, for it is earnest, profound, intense, and complete. It is one of the few pictures that cannot be exhausted. Whoever loves art and takes it as something higher than mere decoration, will possess themselves of a photograph of the "Light of the World," and gradually grow up to its intense meaning and greatness.

"THE RELATION OF ART TO NATURE."—The February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article entitled, "On the Relation of Art to Nature," a subject greatly agitated, and about which there is much loose and inconclusive thinking. The article referred to seems to be the application of Emerson's philosophy to the interpretation of the subject, and the pith and force of the article rests on the transcendentalism, of which it is an expression. It contains much not essential to an exposition of the subject, and is very like the statement of a purely literary man who has given much thought to the matter of his essay. It lacks in directness of statement, but, as we understand the writer's thought, is eminently true and satisfactory. We welcome it as something contributed to the elucidation of a most philosophical question. The following paragraph is worthy of the thoughtful consideration of our readers:

"TRUTH IN ART.—The test of truth in the sense of fact is insufficient. . . . The only test of a work of art is, how far it will carry us—not any comparison by the yardstick. We demand to be raised above our habitual point of view, and be made aware of a deeper interest than we know of. It is in hope of this alone that we pardon the necessary shortcoming of the means. This



deeper interest has its root in nothing arbitrary, or personal to the artist. It is not inventing something finer than nature, but seeing more truly what nature shows, that makes the artistic faculty. This is the lesson taught by the history of art. Take it up where you will, this history is nothing but the successive unfolding of a truer conception of nature, only speaking here the language of form and color instead of words. It is this that lies at the bottom of all its revolutions, and appears in its downfall as well as in its prosperity."

**REMARKABLE EXHIBITION.**—There is now on exhibition at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, No. 548 Broadway, a large and very interesting collection of paintings, the greater part being from the private gallery of a gentleman of Baltimore, now in Europe, and for many years distinguished for his taste and liberality. The French school is finely represented by pictures from the easels of some of the most celebrated of the living artists. Edouard, Frère, Pissarro, Merle, Chanut, Fichel, Duverger, Lambenet, Seignac, Billotti, Trayer, and several whose names are new to us, are the most noticeable. Rosseau has a fine piece of color—a picture well-known in Paris—"The Cock and Pearl." The young American painter, Thom, is presented to advantage in a picture entitled "Through the Snow." It is the very best work we have ever seen from his hand. Several fine examples of the German schools are also among the collection: a fine Achenbach, formerly one of the attractions in the old Gallery; also one by Preyer, Hubner, Meyer of Bremen, Dillous, Verbockhoven. Besides these are a number of excellent pictures by our own artists. "The Peri," a large picture of Leutze's, although painted some years ago, is new to us, never having been exhibited; Eastman Johnson, Boughton, Gray, Hubbard, Gifford, Gignoux, W. T. Richards, Church, Kensett, Durand, Cropsey, White, Hart, and Hays, are well represented. A number of interesting drawings also—several of the originals done by Brion for "Les Misérables," one by Garvami, and others by Gullemin, Bouvin, Chaplin, and David. Added to these is a very large picture by May, "Women of Babylon," recently sent from Paris, and the most pretentious picture he has painted. As we probably shall give some further notice of this and other works in the collection in our next, we now merely call attention to the fact of their exhibition.

#### ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

**W. WHITTREDGE.**—We have occasion to invite attention to Mr. Whittredge's latest work. Many of our readers will probably be at the Artists' Reception in the Tenth-street Studio Building, Thursday, February 4, and may see the picture of which we are about to write. Mr. Whittredge's picture represents an interior of the woods, and is expressive of solitude. The materials of the picture are a group of white birches, a bit of water, a decayed and broken canoe, and a fine black birch that shoots up from the left corner and spreads over the upper part of the picture. Out of these materials Mr. Whittredge has made a most fresh, original, and truly poetic picture. It is remarkable for the absence of pretension in style, for the truth with which the growth of the trees and rich, dank soil is rendered, and for the tenderness with which the leafage and the light flickering in on the birches is painted. It is a picture at once modest and remarkable; it is executed in a loose, light, and effective manner, and gives the atmosphere of the place. It is more than a botanist's statement of the materials of the subject, and is far above what is termed an artistic treatment or presentation. It is a loving and therefore poetic and conscientious rendering of the scene. We have never seen a picture more instinct with the poetry of its subject, and which, in giving us the appearances of things, also by association communicates their odor. The picture acts on the senses, and we imagine the rich woody and earthy exhalations of the dank soil, and the trees full of sap. We extend to Mr. Whittredge our congratulations, and express the hope that the deep poetic meaning of his picture will be appreciated. Of that we have not written. It is the best element of the picture, but must be felt, not demonstrated.

**MARCUS WATERMAN.**—Is engaged upon a large game picture, which, though as yet unfinished, has some fine passages of color.

**MR. HOWES.**—Mr. Howes is painting a passage in the Adirondack Mountains. It is one that gives the spectator a sense of size, and as it has not been treated by our artists, will make a fresh picture.

**THE TENTH-STREET STUDIO BUILDING.**—The artists of Tenth street give their first reception Thursday evening. Most of the pictures will be new to the guests, not having been exhibited. We hope to make them the subject of our next *feuilleton*.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

##### AMERICAN.

It is curious to trace the changes which a language undergoes in the course of two or three centuries; to notice words and phrases which at one time denoted the height of breeding and elegance in those who used them; at another fallen into desuetude, and only known to readers of old books and philologists. There are some hundreds of such outworn expressions discarded from the language, as at present written and spoken in England, and quite a number obsolete in this country, where, by the way, especially in New England, many old English words still survive, and perform yeoman's service in the rough, off-hand talk of the people. We have peculiarities of language in America, but nothing that approaches the dialects of England, of which there are, at rough guess, some twenty or thirty—say, as many different ones as there are counties in the Motherland. Bating certain locutions indigenous to the soil in certain American localities, the provincialisms of New England, the strange but expressive phrases of the West, born of the needs of the settlers, and the semi-African grammatical constructions and pronunciation of the South, an American can understand all that his countrymen say. Not so the Englishman, in his own "right little, tight little island." Put the thorough Londoner—the man who first drew his breath in the classic neighborhood of Bow Bells—in Yorkshire, and what with the dialect and the pronunciation of its clodhoppers, he will be at a loss to understand much that he hears, and, possibly, that concerns him. The language of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Dorsetshire, is not the language of London—the noble speech in which Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Milton delivered themselves of their mighty thoughts; in which Byron, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth wrote; in which Macaulay was so splendid, Buckle so clear and incisive, and Thackeray so wonderful—the fine modern master of the grand old Saxon tongue. There is something valuable, however, in these dialects of England, uncouth as they may seem to the average Englishman or American—a freshness and a charm which the ordinary forms of our language lack. What can be done in a dialect we see in the songs of Burns, which would not be

one-half so fine in English, into which, by the way, the best of them—those which are most genuine—cannot be translated. Change "Scots who have" into "Scotch who have," and see if the old spirit remains. The dialects of Great Britain are favorable to poetry, as the careful students of its literature are aware. We will not insist on Burns, whose extraordinary merits as a songwriter no one has thought of questioning for the last fifty years; nor Miss Blamire, nor John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, a true and beautiful genius, if ever there was one;—we will not insist upon these poets, but take a new one (now, at least, to American readers)—Mr. William Barnes, whose "Poems in the Dorset Dialect" have just been reprinted by Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston. We know nothing of Mr. Barnes, with whose works we have been acquainted for some years in their original editions, but we believe he is a clergyman of the Church of England, a native of Dorsetshire, in the dialect of whose natives he writes, not because he cannot write in the English of to-day, but because he appreciates its beauty, its freshness, its *naïveté*. He has many of the elements which go to the making of a poet—all, indeed, which are necessary for a dialect-poet. He understands thoroughly the people of Dorsetshire, their manners, customs, and ways of thinking and speaking; has a ready sympathy with their joys and sorrows; knows the "Nature" of the locality, from the clouds over their heads to the weeds beneath their feet; in short, is one of them, for poetical purposes. He has a tender and delightful mind, a sense of the humorous and the pathetic, a feeling for the picturesque, and a range of experience with which few poets are blessed.

Would you see how pathetic Mr. Barnes could be upon occasion, take the following tender poem:

##### ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN.

"Noe soul did hear her lips complain,  
An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,  
An' others' loss to her is gain.  
For she do live in heaven's love;  
Vull many a longsome day an' week  
She bore her ailen, still an' meek;  
A-worken while her strength held on,  
An' guiden housework, when 'twas gone.  
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn  
Oh! there be souls to morn."

"The laste time I'd a-cast my sight  
Upon her fece, a-feaded white,  
Wer in a summer's mornin light  
In hall avore the smould'ring fire,  
The white the children beat the vior,  
In play w' tiny shoes they wore,  
An' call'd their mother's eyes to view  
The feats their little lim's could do.  
Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,  
They children now mus' morn."

"Then come, a-stoppen vrom his reace,  
Went up, an' on her knee did place  
His han', a-looken in her fece,  
An' w' a smitten mouth so small,  
He said, 'You promised us to go  
To Shroton fair, an' teake me two.'  
She heard it w' her two white ears,  
An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,  
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn  
Did veel that they mus' morn."

"September come, w' Shroton fair,  
But Ellen Brine wer never there!  
A heavy heart wer on the meare  
Their father rod his homeward back.  
'Tis true he brought some feastmea road,  
Vor they two children all in black;  
But they had now, w' playthings new,  
Noe mother vor to shew em to,  
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn  
Would never morn more return."

Finer still is this delightful poem, of which any poet, even the greatest, might be proud:

##### FATHERHOOD.

"Let en sit, w' his dog an' his cat,  
W' ther noses a-turn'd to the vire,  
An' have all that a man should desire:  
But ther idden child readin in that,  
Whether vo'k mid have children or no,  
Wou'd den make mighty odds in the main;  
They do bring us mmore jay w' mmore loss,  
An' w' mmore we're less jay w' less pain.  
We be all lik' a zull's idle sheare out,  
An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,  
Lik' do-nothin, rue-nothin  
Dead alive damps."

"As vor me, why my life idden bound  
To my own heart alone, among men  
I do live in myzelf, and again  
In the lives o' my children all round:  
I do live w' my boy in his play,  
And again w' my maid in her songs,  
An' my heart is a-stirred w' ther jay,  
An' wou'd burn at the sight o' ther wrongs.  
I ha' nine lives, and soo if a haef,  
O'm do cry, why the rest o' m mid laef,  
All so playvully, jayvully,  
Happy in hope."

"'Tother night I come hwoe a long road,  
When the weather did sting an' did vreeze;  
An' the snow—was the dae had a-snow'd—  
Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees;  
An' my toes an' my vingers wer num',  
An' my feet wer as lumpy as logs,  
An' my ears wer so red's a cock's cwom';  
An' my nose wer so cwoold as a dog's;  
But as soon's I got hwoe I forgot  
Where my limbs wer a-cwoold or wer hot,  
When w' load cries an' proud cries  
They coll'd me so cwoold."

"Vor the virst that I happen'd to meet  
Come to pull my greivous vrom my earm,  
An' another did rub my fece warm,  
An' another but-shill'd my my rest,  
While ther mother did cast on a stick.  
Vor to keep the red vire alive,  
An' they all come so busy an' thick  
As the bees vlee-en into ther hive,  
An' they meade me so happy an' proud,  
That my heart could ha' crowd'd out a-loud;  
They did twile zoo, an' smile too,  
An' coll'd me so cwoold."

"As I sot w' my tea-cup, at rest,  
Ther I pull'd out the tays I did bring:  
Men a-triken, a-rag'd w' a string,  
An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be deat:  
And oh! vrom the children ther sprung  
Such a charm when they handled ther tays,  
That vor pleasure the bigger ones wrung  
Ther two hands at the sight o' ther jays  
As the boys's bigger voices vell in  
W'P the maidens a-tatteren thim,  
An' ther dancen an' prancen,  
An' little mouth'd laefs."

"Though 'tis hard stripes to breed 'em all up,  
If I'm only a-bless from above,  
They'll make me amends w' ther love,  
Vor ther pillor, ther pleate, and ther cup:  
Though I shall be never a-spill'd  
W'P the service that money can buy;  
Still the hands o' a wife an' a child  
Be the blessens ov low or ov high;  
And if ther be mouths to be fed,  
He that zent 'em can zend me ther bread,  
An' will smile on the chile  
That's a-new on the kneet."

If the poems of Mr. Barnes do not become popular in America it will not be for want of excellence, and that of a high order, but because we are wedded to idols of our own, not one of whom can approach him in simplicity, freshness, and instructive knowledge

of mankind. After Burns, he is the best dialect poet in the whole range of English literature.

The *Continental Monthly*, which for some time has been edited by a sister of Hon. Robert J. Walker in connection with Hon. Frederick P. Stanton, is soon to pass into the editorial control of Messrs. Stephen Pearl Andrews and Edward B. Freeland. Mr. Andrews claims to have made a most important scientific discovery which is to revolutionize the world. Its effects, it is claimed, will be to revolutionize human society and to found a universal government under the name of the Pantarchy, of which, by the way, Mr. Andrews is to be the Pantarch, or universal sovereign. These views are to be advocated in detail in the *Continental*, and may, perhaps, attract some notice by their novelty. The new editors will assume their charge with the April number of the magazine.

#### BOSTON.

Boston, February, 1864.

WITHIN the pale of the Protestant Church the Unitarian clergymen of Boston and its vicinity stand in number as one to three; but by the gauge of intellectual activity (if publicity in print and diversity of acquirements be accepted as the token) they are much ahead of their denominational opponents. Dr. Channing's memory has come down to us with the holy associations of Christian philanthropy and fervency in his own faith; but it is not only the moral vigor, but the literary acumen, with which he touches the diverse subjects of Fulton or Bonaparte, that has helped bear his name abroad, even beyond the narrow limits of his sympathizing sectarians in England, and has given him a fame coequal with the spread of his translated works, which is not restricted even in France. The fame that might have attached, had they continued to wear the surplice, to Everett, Palfrey, and Sparks, has been denied their sectarian annals, and given to the wider spheres of jurisprudence, oratory, and history. Scholarship and erudition exist in no mean degree among the profession with us to-day. It were invidious to make sectarian comparisons. If to Dr. Kirk we award an extent of acquaintance with the French and its literature that is rare, to Dr. Hedge we must acknowledge belongs the credit of being more widely conversant with the weightier material of German thought than almost any scholar in the country. The collection of books now in our city library that once belonged to the late Theodore Parker, and the unquestioned learning that he amassed among those stores, where he found so much sympathy, mark this unaffiliated preacher as deeper in some of the wells of German philosophy than many could ever care to have another undertake to go. I believe, further, that for acquaintance with the more esthetical parts of German literature, we can hardly possess a better guide than another Unitarian, the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, whose translation of Faust was a literary phenomenon, whose versions of Richter were so long without a publisher, but found one, I trust, profitably at last, for I notice that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields now promise us an additional volume. And while upon this point, let me say that the several chapters of Mr. Brooks's translation of the great work on German literary history by Gervinus, which appeared in the last year or two of the *Crayon's* existence, I hope may yet be seen as component parts of the entire work under his own hand. German literature has now become so widely studied among us that a translation of some determinate guide of weight and extent (and none so good as Gervinus's can be found) deserves to be acclimated in our tongue. Even moderately proficient students of the German will find a translation of such a work more convenient for reference's sake than the original, not to speak of the less cost, especially in war times, when the English shilling, or its equivalent, is set against our orders at half-a-dollar and upward.

We have hardly among us a writer of equal logical force and perspicuity with Dr. Walker, the late president of Harvard College; and among the arcana of science there is scarcely a mind that has grasped forces and results so vigorously as that of Dr. Hill, the present head of the same institution. Neither of these writers have favored the public with any great amount of recognized print; but Dr. Walker's firm hand is traced at intervals throughout our most stable periodicals, and the other's reputation has been well grounded by what he has done among those whose praise is fame. We would point, too, to Dr. Ellis, of Charlestown, as an indefatigable worker—which is something not often found with so faithful a pastor—and there are few themes, particularly of a historical range, that he does not set forth with a plainness of speech that defies misinterpretation, and with the force that is proper to such directness. Some of the most pregnant articles in the magazines have come from his pen, and as an editor he has linked his name with more strictly professional issues. His able exposition of his denominational belief, in its historical relations, has become a standard treatise with his sect. Of the antagonistic faith, I would set against this Charlestown preacher a man in some respects like and in many unlike him—Dr. Adams, of the Essex-street church. He is quite as determinate a writer from his own stand-point, and is often put forth as the exemplar of the extreme views of the Calvinistic side of the question. His "Evenings with the Doctrines" (Gould & Lincoln, 1861) is one of the most succinct expressions of orthodox faith that I know of. His avowed purpose was to popularize the tenets of his sect, and it led one writer a few years ago to pulpit expositions of the other side from the Rev. Mr. Cobb and the Rev. Mr. Thayer on the part of the Universalists, and by Rev. Thomas Starr King in behalf of the Unitarians; while Dr. Hedge, in the *Christian Examiner*, and James Freeman Clarke, in the *Unitarian Journal*, gave weightier replies in print. Our community has lost a graceful secular writer, moreover, in Mr. King, now that he has cast his future with the growing state on the Pacific; and polite culture among us, as well as religious feeling, has been deprived of late by years and ill health of one whom you in New York knew as well—the Rev. Dr. Dewey.

Literature has gathered several other clerical names in the recent past and present for its chapter of polite learning and Christian culture. The Wares have a name linked with a moral, intellectual, and scientific progress, and have spun a thread of dutiful excellence that was rudely snapped by the death of Surgeon Robert Ware, at Little Washington, while enduring the siege, something like a year ago. It was on the election of Henry Ware to a professorial chair at Harvard some sixty years ago that the Unitarians in the impending controversy obtained an ascendancy in our chiefest university which they have maintained since. Letters found in his sons true lovers and producers. With one, Henry (junior), Harvard filled its chair of Pulpit Eloquence thirty years ago; and to another, William, who in early life was enrolled among the clergy of New York, and latterly found in Boston the center of his literary associations, we owe those letters from Palmyra that as "Zenobia" have made so wide a reputation. His activity in literature was likewise for awhile circumscribed by the editing of the *Christian Examiner*; and an acquaintance with foreign travels begot a very suggestive vol-



ume upon "European Capitals," and fitted him for those papers upon Washington Allston which were destined to be posthumous in their publication. The twin-brothers Peabody were also connected with Boston by ties of literary affiliation, as well as their present namesake, Dr. A. P. Peabody, who has just resigned the care of the *North American* to the sons of two other Unitarian divines, the late Reverend Doctors Andrews Norton and Charles Lowell.

I have omitted in this enumeration the Rev. Wm. Rounseville Alger, because, in view of his recent volume, I wish to speak more explicitly. "The Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life" bears a Philadelphia imprint, but as an example of Boston erudition I claim the right to speak of it, and from a more familiar stand-point than your reviewer assumed a week or two ago. Mr. Alger undertook the gathering of material for his work about 1848, and two or three years subsequently he began to furnish articles to our standard reviews, discussing the varied phases of the great subject he has now put forth complete. Running through from 1851 to 1858, every year, and sometimes two and three times a year, these articles came out in succession; and the few who knew Mr. Alger's train of study were not at loss upon whom to charge them, if certain peculiarities of their style had not alone directed them. Finally, I think about six years ago, he gave a review of the whole subject in a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute.

Meanwhile, in investigating the bearings of his subject among the literatures of the East, where he had found their religious life closely connected with the gorgeous poetry of that region, he had been allured by the reproduction of their imagery and thought in the few instances which it had been done into English, but more particularly by what had been done by Rückert and the others in German. With this incentive, and from these sources, he compiled a little volume, called "The Poetry of the East," which was published here in 1856 (now on the catalogue of Roberts Brothers), and to which he prefixed a very readable historical dissertation, in which the extent of the subject was clearly mapped out, and the tracks of earlier investigators designated. It was a work that was needed, for no compendious guide to the treasures of the Eastern poetry existed in English; and although the credit is due to Sir William Jones of being the earliest explorer in these matters, his countrymen had not pursued the theme very diligently in the original sources, although there had been one or two marked poems, the results of such study like Lalla Rookh and Thalaba; and to these may be added Bayard Taylor's "Poems of the Orient." I am surprised Mr. Alger omits in the enumeration of this class of imitation Collin's "Oriental Eclogues," which were true at least to Persian scenes and customs, if remote in the style of the poetic garniture. But it is the Germans of all moderns who have so thoroughly searched this field, that Hafiz and Saadi have become admitted almost to their Walhalla. Few of the prominent names in their literature are unconnected with this naturalization of the Eastern bards among them. Schlegel, in heading the reaction from the Classic to the Romantic, was the pioneer in these explorations. Then came the elder Humboldt, Tholuck, Werder, Von Hammer (the most voluminous of all), Rückert, Daumer, not to forget Goethe, and the later Platen, Heine, and many others. With these vast stores among them it is not surprising the Germans had already a mate to this volume of Mr. Alger's, unique as it is in English. A little volume published at Berlin in 1853, and called "Blüthensträuße aus den Dichtergärten des Morgenlandes, gesammelt von M. Ant. Nien-dorf," goes over much the same ground that is traversed in the book before me, and in the same way, except that the compiler found his excerpts ready to his hand in their first rendering. A similar survey is taken in the first book of Scherr's "Bildersaal der Welt-literatur," and doubtless in some other works not now at hand, for the German is rich in these composite volumes. It was one of these pithy little quatrains that Goethe liked so well to throw off, that

He who would the poet know  
Must to the poet's country go;  
The poet's words to understand  
One must have been in the poet's land;

but the deprivation of this privilege did not prevent that many-sided seer at Weimar from a fit reproduction of the East, in his "West-östlicher Divan," and has not been much of an obstacle in Mr. Alger's way, even in his seeking at second-hand over the like ground. He has worded the thought frequently, with much terseness, though an inversion for the rhyme's sake, and occasional lack of insight for that difficult problem—the genuine poeticalness of words—betrays rather the scholar of poetry than the poet himself in impulsive instincts.

This discursive reference has kept us from his present elaborate volume, one so erudite on so specious a theme has hardly been before us since Buckle astonished the crowd who read but few books. The volume was finished and put to press in 1860, but the interruption of the war, and the unexpected time that Mr. Abbot required to perfect that best piece of bibliographical work that this country has produced, which forms the appendix, deferred its publication to the present time. I can but say in passing, that this will give Mr. Abbot a wider acquaintance among the learned of this country, that his peculiar merits have acquired for him before. He has for years been known to the frequenters both of the Boston Athenæum and the University Library at Cambridge, as a person of wider knowledge of books (and to which he had brought critical powers of importance) than almost any other one could claim. The great public, who know little of the minutiae of book-making, have often been indebted to his unobtrusive assistance to authors, without knowing their dependence. I may also mention—and it is a subject I shall revert to in a future letter—that a leading publishing house here are now employing him in collating Pickering's text with the accredited editions of some of the Old English writers, and the vast number of mistakes which he is discovering—something over two to a page, I think—will yet do much to lessen the extravagant reputation which that London publisher attained for his books.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are just putting to press the result of recent travel by a young lawyer of this city, who has much reputation for cleverness among his friends, Mr. Howard Payson Arnold, to be called "European Mosaic." The MS. has been praised by good critics. They have also in the printer's hands, "Arnold and André: a Historical Drama, by Geo. H. Calvert." This is the dramatic fragment of the same title which Mr. C. published some twenty-five years ago, enlarged to the dimensions of a complete play. Mr. Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac" has just passed with them to a third edition. W.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1864.

I CANNOT speak too highly of the pleasure I have taken in the perusal of a little work soon to be issued to the trade by Frederick Leypoldt, who always gives us such attractive paper, print, and binding. Wilhelm von Humboldt's "Letters to a Lady" would look well even in a shabby dress, as the spirit that prompted the eminent philologist to aid, with rare advice and refined counsel, a person "of unaffected elegance and originality of thought," in time of sorest need, animates every line and sentence, and gives to all

a charm that none but those who know how often the man is lost in the mere scholar can fully understand and appreciate. True, they have not the familiar chit-chat and musings of "Mendelssohn's Letters," lately issued from the same press; but on the other hand the greatest and most important subjects relating to social life are discussed so candidly, and all the holiest relations of friendship are so unostentatiously mingled with the little personalities of the author, that the reader sees much more to admire in him as the tender and noble friend than as the learned and accomplished scholar. The man that can truly say of his wife, as said Humboldt, "During the thirty-one years since our marriage-day, we have neither of us caused the other an unhappy moment, and our love is the same now as then, except that it has gained a brighter and intenser hue," has a right to speak authoritatively on the subjects that are handled so ably in this work, and to give advice freely without rendering himself disagreeable. Mr. Leland, who has so often thrown sunshine into our thought, has done another good deed in thus editing and presenting to the American public this little book, for which he deserves the thanks of every cultivated American woman.

It is a matter of wonder that, while there are so many who are capable of enjoying the beauties of a foreign poem in the original, and for those who cannot there may be found equal wealth and richness at home, so many scholars, after a few years study of a language, come forward with complete translations of an author's works, wrought out, as they profess, in the leisure and rest from severer studies, but which, on examination, present such glaring inaccuracies. Longfellow's "Dante," which, according to the *Atlantic*, was to be his crowning effort, has been decided a failure; and Mr. Leland also seems to be sacrificing his reputation in his translation of "Heinrich Heine's Book of Songs." I opened it carelessly, and the following stanzas almost immediately met my eye:

"We pass each other, we nod and we twist,  
Waving handkerchiefs from the wagon,  
We had gladly embraced or had gladly kissed,  
But the horses their loads must drag on."

It has doubtless many excellences, and has been indeed spoken highly of by others more competent to judge; but the "music and feeling" which the *Westminster Review* says are the characteristics of Heine's songs seem entirely lost in this new dress. What is poetical in the original seems only harsh and jingling in the English; and we shrink from the thought of some of our home songs being clothed in such unbecoming foreign garb. It is impossible to conceive of the "melodious German" into which some of Mr. Tennyson's airy flights and delicate shades of thought are said to have been rendered. The bare fact that a French editor has translated Shakespeare's "Hail, horrors! Hail!" by "Comment vous, horreurs! comment vous!" is enough to frighten the stoutest from such undertakings.

From the press of G. W. Childs a work has lately been issued, which, in point of bulk and labor of preparation, will stand as a rival to its more immediate predecessor, Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," and as far as its practical bearing upon Christianity is concerned, will doubtless exert an influence that was never dreamed of for the other; "for," says Dr. Byron Sunderland in his introduction, "if it be placed in the hands of every individual in all our borders, and be diligently perused and faithfully improved, it may become the morning-star of the mightiest day of national regeneration." High praise! but the work itself, "The Christian Life and Character of the Civil Institutions of the United States," from the limited examination I have been able to give it, bears the promise of fulfilling many of the hopes of the learned chaplain. It is written by B. F. Morris, a Protestant clergyman, and is a valuable compilation of the facts and principles of Christianity in their relations to the founding and forming of our state and civil governments, and to the public and political lives of the statesmen of that era. It is a matter of rejoicing, also, that at length the opinions in regard to the absence of the name of Deity from the Constitution have been brought into appropriate shape, and that, though no explicit acknowledgment of the only true God is inserted in the Magna Charta of our liberties, yet the record of facts demonstrates that the Constitution was formed under Christian influences, and is in its purposes and spirit a Christian instrument. The work throughout bears the impress of years of careful labor, and carries upon every page its guiding truth, that the glory of Almighty God and the good of mankind are the reason and end of government.

Mr. Childs, who announced for publication "From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations," a "remarkable English book," by Prof. De Morgan, lately noticed in one of the numbers of the *ROUND TABLE*, has decided, after careful perusal, to withdraw his announcement, as he does not consider it worthy of publication.

Peterson Brothers issued to-day "The Indian Chief," a new novel from the prolific pen of Gustave Aimard. The same house announces for speedy publication a new volume by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, whose "Fashion and Famine" had such an extensive run some years since; also "The Woman in Black," a companion to "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins.

Ashmead & Evans have in press, and will shortly issue, "Fairy Tales of Seaside and Fireside," with some other volumes for children.

"The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1864" is announced to be ready early in February. T.

#### FOREIGN.

BIOGRAPHIES of the late William Makepeace Thackeray are already appearing. The first that has fallen under our notice is a little brochure from the pen of Mr. James Hannay, the author of "Singleton Fontenoy," and a volume of clever papers on Satire and Satirists, the latter of which has been reprinted in this country. Mr. Hannay was a warm personal friend of Mr. Thackeray, and his tribute to his memory appeared in the columns of the *Edinburgh Courier*, of which Mr. Hannay is the editor. As it is not likely that his genial sketch of the great humorist will be reprinted, we will copy a paragraph or two from it: "When Thackeray wrote 'Vanity Fair,' in 1846, '7, '8, he was living in Young street, Kensington—a street on your left hand, before you come to the church; and here, in 1848, the author of this sketch had first the pleasure of seeing him, of being received at his table, and of knowing how essentially a kind, humane, and perfectly honest man he was. 'Vanity Fair' was then unfinished, but its success was made, and he spoke frankly and genially of his work and his career. 'Vanity Fair' always, we think, ranked in his own mind

as best in story of his greater books; and he once pointed out to us the very house in Russell Square where his imaginary Sedleys lived—a curious proof of the reality his creations had for his mind."

Here's a bit of criticism from one on Mr. Thackeray's letters to Mr. Hannay, written in August, 1854, and probably in reference to Mr. Hannay's book on Satire and Satirists: "I hate Juvenal, I mean I think him a truculent brute, and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. Love is a higher intellectual exercise than Hatred; and, when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones."

Mr. Hannay bears testimony to Mr. Thackeray's excellent qualities, and gives us a delightful glimpse of him and his home life. "In private," he says, "this great satirist, whose aspect in a crowd was often one of austere politeness and reserve, unbent into a familiar naïveté which somehow one seldom finds in the demonstratively genial. And this was the more charming and precious that it rested on a basis of severe and profound reflection, before the glance of which all that was dark and serious in man's life and prospects lay open. The gravity of that white head, with its noble brow, and thoughtful face full of feeling and meaning, enhanced the piquancy of his playfulness and of the little personal revelations which came with such a grace from the depths of his kindly nature. When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in 'Vanity Fair' in which Becky 'admires' her husband when he is giving Lord Steyne the chastisement which ruins her for life, 'Well,' he said, 'when I wrote the sentence I slapped my fist on the table, and said, "That is a touch of genius!"' The incident is a trifle, but it will reveal, we suspect, an element of fervor, as well as a heartiness of frankness in recording the fervor, both equally at variance with the vulgar conception of him. This frankness and bonhomie made him delightful in a tête-à-tête, and gave a pleasant human flavor to talk full of sense and wisdom and experience, and lighted up by the gaiety of the true London man of the world. Though he said witty things now and then, he was not a wit in the sense in which Jerrold was, and he complained sometimes that his best things occurred to him after the occasion had gone by! He shone most—as in his books—in little subtle remarks on life, and little descriptive sketches suggested by the talk. We remember, in particular, one evening, after a dinner party at his house, a fancy picture he drew of Shakespeare, during his last year at Stratford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people, which all who heard it, brief as it was, thought equal to the best things in his lectures. But it was not for this sort of talent—rarely exerted by him—that people admired his conversation. They admired, above all, the broad sagacity, sharp insight, large and tolerant liberality, which marked him as one who was a sage as well as a story-teller, and whose stories were valuable because he was a sage."

A second biography of Mr. Thackeray is announced as containing matter relative to his early career. The writer, Mr. T. T. Taylor, has drawn his materials from Paris, of which he has long been a resident, and he is said to have much to say concerning Mr. Thackeray's artist-life in that capital. His volume will be illustrated with a portrait and some curious original sketches. Mr. Dickens is to write a paper for the *Cornhill*. The March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will likewise contain a paper on Mr. Thackeray, based on the recollections of one of his American friends, whose name will probably be made public in due time.

The author of "Guy Livingstone" has just published "A Bundle of Ballads," which he pretends merely to edit, but of which he is, without doubt, the writer. It is what might be expected from a man of his talents; not poetry, certainly, but a collection of clever verses, mostly dealing with incidents selected from the Greek and Roman classics, and occasionally from history, which incidents are generally handled with spirit and picturesqueness. We select one of the best of these ballads, which the readers of Herodotus will probably recognize, or at any rate, the readers of Mr. Mathew Arnold, to whose noble poem of "Mycerinus" it is in some sort a pendant.

#### THE DAUGHTER OF MYCERINUS.

HEXON. II.

"Fasten back that heavy-folded awning,  
Let me look upon the dying day;  
I shall never see another dawning,  
And in Light I fain would pass away.  
Let the red sun shine,  
Where his glance divine  
Yet may cheer mine unforsaken clay.  
  
"Raise me up, and turn my face to Northward,  
Whither Nile rolls turbidly and strong;  
All day long, I hear him sweeping forward,  
And he seems to hear my soul along:  
Strangely leading me,  
To an unknown sea,  
With dim music of a murmured song.  
  
"Come thou near me, Father, 'Dearest, dearest!—  
Other name thou never hast for me;  
Call me so but once again; thou cheerest  
This faint spirit while I list to thee.  
Let thy love again,  
Mightier than all pain,  
Sink into my soul invincibly.  
  
"Take my hands in thine, and clasp them to thee;  
Lay thy lips to mine; nor sorrow now,  
That our Gods' cold hatred doth pursue thee:  
Face their thankless wrath, and fear not thou.  
Not for love or prayer,  
Will our tyrant spare:  
Not for mystic dance or frantic woe.  
  
"I shall see thee soon again, though thickly  
Comes this death-shade, sundering thee and me;  
They shall send thee to thy rest full quickly,  
Where our thousand sire lies gloriously.  
Their God-souls despise  
Love or sacrifice,  
Since their murderous scourge thou wilt not be.  
  
"Thou art gentle, and their voice is slaughter:  
They are strong to ruin, thou to save;  
So they may not spare thee; and thy daughter  
Goes before thee to her maiden grave.  
Yon pale shallop waits,  
And the cold-eyed Fates  
Beckon silent over the dead wave.  
  
"Father! while there yet remain that love me,  
Yearly let them bring me from my rest:  
Let the well-loved sunshine stream above me,  
Though it wake no warmth in my cold breast.  
So my soul shall be  
Very near to thee,  
Seeking all on earth it loved the best."

Mr. Walter Savage Landor's "Heroic Idylls" are delighting the best critics, who quote liberally from them, as indeed they ought to, for nothing finer has appeared for years. Witness this little



bit of Greek life, which no living poet except Mr. Landor could have written:

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT.

"Dost thou not often gasp with long-drawn sighs,  
Theocritus, recalling Sicily?  
Glorious Nile, but rather give me back  
Our little rills, which fain would run away  
And hide themselves from persecuting suns  
In summer, under oleander boughs.  
And catch its roses as they flout above.  
Here are no birds that sing, no sweeter flower  
Than tiny, fragile, weak-eyed resida,  
Which faints upon the bosom it would cool.  
Altho' the royal lotos sits aloof.  
On his rich carpet, spread from wave to wave,  
I throw myself more gladly where the pine  
Protects me, lofter than the palace roof,  
Or where the linden and acacia meet  
Across my path, in fragrance to contend.  
Bring back the hour, Theocritus, when we  
Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,  
With few about us, and with none too nigh.  
And when the song of shepherds and their glee  
We may repeat, perchance, and gayly mock,  
Until one bolder than the rest springs up  
And lays us on the shoulder for our pains.  
Take thou meanwhile these two papyrus-leaves,  
Recording one the loves and one the woes  
Of Pan and Pitys heretofore unsung.  
Aside our rivers and within our groves  
The pastoral pipe hath dropt its mellow lay,  
And shepherds in their contests only try  
Who best can puzzle.  
Come, Theocritus,  
Come, let us lend a shoulder to the wheel  
And help to lift it from this depth of sand."

The veteran poet, Mr. Henry Taylor, has recently collected his Poetical Works in three volumes. They consist of the well-known dramatic poem, "Philip Van Artevelde," "Edwin the Fair," "Isaac Comnenus," "St. Clement's Eve" (his last production), and "A Sicilian Summer," an early and almost forgotten play of Mr. Taylor's, which contains many fine things, among others these two charming lyrics:

"Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
Soon would I fly away,  
And never more think of my love,  
Or not for a year and a day:  
If I had the wings of a dove.  
"I would press the air to my breast,  
I would love the cheerful sky,  
In the murmuring leaves I would set up my rest,  
And bid the world good-by:  
If I had the wings of a dove.  
"The morning broke, and Spring was there,  
And lustrous Summer near her birth:  
The birds awoke and waked the air,  
The flowers awoke and waked the earth.  
"Up! quoth he, what joy for me  
On dewy plain, in budding brake!  
A sweet bird sings on every tree,  
And flowers are sweeter for my sake.  
"Lightly o'er the plain he stept,  
Lightly brush'd he through the wood,  
And snared a little bird that slept,  
And had not waken'd when she should.  
"Lightly through the wood he brush'd,  
Lightly stept he o'er the plain,  
And yet—a little flower was crush'd  
That never raised its head again."

Mr. Thomas Woolner, an English sculptor, has lately published a volume of singular verse, which he calls "My Beautiful Lady." As the reader may imagine from its title, it is a poem, or series of poems, in praise of a woman whom the poet once loved, and who died and left him disconsolate. Such at least is the impression which Mr. Woolner's volume leaves upon our minds, though it is possible that his love and grief are alike fictitious, exercises of fancy on the themes of human passion. Mr. Woolner is not a poet, but he has several poetical qualities which he has not yet learned to put to the best use. He has an eye for the picturesque in natural objects, and considerable command of poetical language, but very little taste, and no sense of form, a curious deficiency, by the way, in a sculptor. His volume, take it altogether, is to poetry what Pre-Raphaelitism is to art.

Here is one of his landscape studies, which the reader may or may not understand:

"No other sound was there: a muffled breeze  
Crept in the shrubs, and shuddered up the trees,  
Then sought the ghost-white vapor of the leas,  
Where one long sheet of dismal cloud  
Swathed the distance in a cloud.  
"A solitary eye of cold stern light  
Stared threatenly beyond the Western night,  
Wrapped in the closing shadows of the night;  
And all the peaceful earth had slept,  
But that eye stern vigil kept.  
"I wandered wearily, I knew not where:  
Up windy downs, far-stretching, bleak, and bare;  
Through swamps that solidened under stagnant air;  
In blackest wood and trampled mesh,  
Thorny bushes tore my flesh.  
"Amid the ripening corn, and heard it sigh,  
Hollow and sad, as night-crawlers sluggishly;  
Hollow and sadly sighed the corn while I  
Moved darkly in the mist, a blight,  
Darkening more the hateful night.  
"My soul its boarded secrets emptied on  
The vaulted gloom of night: old fancies shone.  
And consecrated ancient hopes long gone,  
Old hopes that long had ceased to burn,  
Gone, and never to return."

This little lyric is better:

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.  
"Gone the sickness, fled the pain,  
Health comes bounding back again,  
And all my pulses tingle for delight.  
Together what a pleasant thing  
To ramble while the blackbirds sing,  
And pasture lands are sparkling dewy bright!  
"Soon will come the clear spring weather,  
Hand in hand we'll roam together,  
And hand in hand we'll talk of springs to come:  
As on that happy day you played  
The necromancer with my shade,  
In senseless shadow gazing darkly dumb.  
"Cast away that cloudy care,  
Or I vow in my parterre  
You shall not enter when the lilies blow,  
And I go there to stand and sigh  
Songs to the heaven-white wondrous ring:  
Sir Would-be-Wizard of the crumpled brow."

Better still is this fragment of blank verse:

"Ah, Dearest! shall I never see thy face  
Again: not ever; never any more?  
I know that fancy was but naught, and one  
Born of past hope: I know thy earthly form  
Is mouldering in its tomb; but yet, O Love  
Thy spirit must dwell somewhere in this waste  
Of worlds that fill the overwhelming heaven  
With light and motion: that could never die!  
And wilt thou not vouchsafe one beaming look  
To ease a lonely heart that beats in pain  
For loss of thee, and only thee, O Love?  
Or hast thou found in that pure life thou livest

My soul was an unworthy choice for thine,  
And therefore takes no count of its despair?  
And yet, yea verily, thy love was true:  
I would not wrong thee with another thought:  
I would not enter at the gates of heaven  
By thinking else than that thy love was true."

The Rev. Charles Kingsley has in press "The Roman and the Teuton," a series of lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor will shortly publish "Words and Places; Chapters on the Relations of Etymology, with History and Geography."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, will soon appear with "A Short History of England, down to the Reformation."

FRANCE.

PARIS, Jan. 15.

"LES CONTES BLEUS," by Edouard Laboulaye. To write a successful book for juveniles requires a peculiar order of talent or tact; books of this nature are apt to be too void of interest, and tedious or too indigestible for the dawning intellect; the narrative should be at once simple and concise. M. Laboulaye, the popular lecturer of the College de France, better known to Americans as the author of "Paris in America," has happily combined these requisites in the interesting collection above cited. He has explored the legends of Brittany, Norway, Finland, Bohemia, and Italy, to collect subject-matter for his book; one alone, and this far from the least interesting, is original with him. The work is printed in handsome style, with appropriate illustrations by M. Yan Dargent, and will be a valuable acquisition to juvenile libraries.

The posthumous works of Count Alfred de Vigny are now in press, and will soon be offered to the public by Michel Lévy. The author of these works, who died a few months since, belonged to the French army under the Restoration, but his health failing obliged him to leave the profession of arms, and he has since devoted himself to literature, in which career his modest merit has won for him a well-earned popularity. Several of his poems have appeared at different times in the "Revue des deux Mondes;" these, with many posthumous writings, have been collected into a volume by his friend, M. Louis Ratisbonne, to whom their revision and publication had been intrusted.

A remarkable literary curiosity appeared last month in the shape of a translation of a collection of Chinese poetry, under the title "Poesies des Thaug" (dynasty that occupied the Chinese throne from 618 to 907 of our era). The most popular poets of this epoch were Litaipé and Toulou; the intrinsic merit of their writings, however, does not compare with that of some of their cotemporaries, whose more elevated style could not be appreciated by the Chinese intellect. The ancient written poetry of this peculiar people goes back 2,000 years before the Christian era, since which epoch every century has added something to the art of versification. The work has been carefully compiled and translated by the Marquis d'Hervey St. Denis, and will be valuable as a relic of ancient Chinese civilization.

In London an anonymous pamphlet has just been published by Baillière on "The American Question and French Colonization." The writer thinks that Mexico may become to the French what India is to the English—a place of safety for its fleets, and a new field for its commerce, offering a brilliant career to the ambitious for the undertaking of vast enterprises.

M. Saint René Taillandier, the successor of Saint-Marc Girardin at the Sorbonne, has met with a cordial reception from the student world of Paris. The first lectures of his course on poetry are a success. He has chosen for his subject the genius of Corneille, and in his subsequent lectures will discourse on the poetry of the seventeenth century—more particularly the Cid, Horace, Cinna, Rodogune, Nicomède, and others, which appeared between the years 1636 and 1661. The style of M. Taillandier is interesting, instructive, and at times eloquent; he bids fair to rival the popularity of his illustrious predecessor.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

This society held its twenty-first anniversary on Tuesday evening, the 12th of January, at the house of the second vice-president, Judge Charles P. Daly. The chair was occupied by the president, George Folsom, LL.D. There were present Dr. Usher Parsons, of Providence, R. I., surgeon to Commodore Perry's fleet in the war of 1812, Rev. Dr. Fishel, of New York, and several other invited guests.

In the review of the society's proceedings during the past year, it was remarked, in the report of the recording secretary, that few years have presented more various or interesting subjects to the attention of the society, or added more able and welcome members. The society has in the president one of the founders, who has enriched the collections by the purchase of valuable relics at great expense, and among its members the first thorough investigator of our Western mounds, Dr. Davis; the first man who made a similar exploration of the mysterious graves of Chiriqui, Dr. Merritt; the donors of the various statues from those ancient Huacas, Col. Totten and Mr. Center; a metallurgist, who has brought tribes and races to his touchstone, and detected traces of alloys, amalgams, and solders, indicating various relations between distant lands and remote ages, Mr. Ewbank; two judges in the last resort in questions in natural sciences, Dr. Torrey and the Baron d'Osten Sacken; adepts in Oriental languages and literature, Messrs. Cothel and Alexander, and Drs. Macgowan, Grünbaum, and Fishel; a student of old Spanish archives, Mr. Buckingham Smith; and, like a solitary remnant of the original gigantic forest standing among a younger grove of native and exotic trees, we have a legitimate Iroquois chief, Sachem Dr. Wilson, rich in traditional lore, and an able vindicator of his injured race. Among other members of various acquirements but similar tastes, are the diplomatic ministers of Prussia, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, and Brazil; the consular-general of Russia, Italy, Austria, and France; the first decipherer and translator of the celebrated Sidonian inscription, Dr. Thomson; the president of the new Syrian-Arabic College, Rev. Dr. Bliss; a recent resident among the far western Indians, who has already commenced the publication of the vocabularies which he has collected, Mr. Gibbs; a comparer of American and European relics, Dr. Rau; and the first and able United States minister to Japan, Mr. Townsend Harris.

Among the important subjects brought before the society in the past year are the "Nautical Exploits of the Micronesian Islanders." Dr. L. H. Gulick, after a residence of eight years among them, has given his testimony, with that of Dr. Doane, to the facts that

they have from time immemorial made annual voyages in their peculiar sail-boats of two hundred and even five hundred miles, in the open sea, from island to island, with unerring success, guided on by the heavenly bodies, the wind, the waves, and palpable charts of their own construction.

Before attention had been particularly directed to this subject, Mr. Alexander read a paper showing a wonderful similarity between the Quichua language of Peru and the Tartar; and other members, it is to be hoped, will immediately undertake the comparison of the various languages of America, the Pacific Islands, and Eastern Asia. Light may perhaps be thus discovered on the mysterious origin of the original population of our continent. Shell Mounds have begun to receive the attention which they deserve. They exist in great abundance along our Atlantic coast, and are found in California and Central America. From the gradual nature of their accumulation from the consumption of shell-fish, and their proximity to the sea, interesting relics may be presumed to be inclosed in some of them, affording indications of past periods, tribes, and races, and perhaps of early intercourse with the eastern continent. The committee appointed several years ago to invite the co-operation of friends of science in opening mounds in their neighborhoods, produced such effects as might encourage a renewal of the appeal. It is a curious fact, difficult of explanation, that while the attention of even our most intelligent philanthropists has been confined to the ten millions (more or less) of Africans and descendants of Africans in America, in their endeavors to ascertain the intellectual capacities and moral qualities of the black race, it should be necessary to import from Africa specimens of the elegant manuscripts written in classical Arabic by some of the hundred millions or more of Mohammedan negroes in the old and independent states of Nigritia, whose arts, schools, books, and learned men are mentioned by travelers, from Park to Dr. Barth. In 1845, the present recording secretary (Mr. Dwight) first exhibited Arabic MSS. he had obtained from educated Africans, afterward slaves in the U.S., who had been scholars and teachers in Africa, with translations made by Mr. Cothel; and he afterward urged the opening of a correspondence with those countries, by sending books and questions in Arabic, inviting written returns. At length, by procuring Arabic MSS. from some of those people, through the efforts of Presidents Benson and Roberts, of Liberia, corresponding members of the society, the unbelief of some was removed. The recent foundation of the Syrian College by Americans in the Holy Land opportunely came in to take immediate advantage of this discovery. The Rev. Daniel Bliss, President of that institution (so creditable to the intelligence and philanthropy of our country, especially in a time of civil war), on first learning the welcome news of the existence of Arabic learning in the heart of Africa, sent to the mission press at Beyrout for books, which recently arrived in New York, and have just been dispatched to Monrovia to be circulated in the interior by the presidents of Liberia. Each contains a printed Arabic letter to the reader, with a list of questions which he is requested to reply to in writing; and interesting information may be expected in return concerning countries and people whom travelers might not be able to reach in many years. It happens, singularly enough, that only three days ago a letter in the English papers, from Dr. Kraft, in Nubia, mentions that 20,000 men passed through that country last year from the negro countries south of the Sahara, on their pilgrimage to Mecca, through whom Arabic books may be sent back to the educated Mohammedan inhabitants, almost to the Atlantic Ocean. To do this, the English must obtain their books from our American press at Beyrout. The first steps in this enterprise were taken in this society.

Letters were read by the second vice-president, Judge Daly, from the French consul-general, Gaudin Boileau, and Hon. Townsend Harris, expressing regret that previous engagements prevented their attendance. Also a letter to the president from Lieut.-Gen. Wm. De Baasloff, Minister Plenipotentiary of Denmark, called to Washington; and one from Mr. Thomson, Director of the Royal and Public Museums of Copenhagen. A letter from Rev. Edward Webb, Madras, October 17, and one from Dr. J. P. Kluge, Panama, both acknowledging the receipt of their diplomas as corresponding members. Also one from Dr. L. H. Gulick, on his way to the Sandwich Islands, on the publication of his Ponasso vocabulary.

Dr. Fishel, by request of the president, gave interesting information respecting the ancient MS. roll of the Hebrew Scriptures found in possession of a synagogue in the capital of the province of Ho-wan in China. He also made remarks on the civilization existing in Nigritia during the Dark Ages in Europe, and Maimonides, and other Jews in Africa distinguished for their learning.

Dr. Thomson, by invitation of the president, gave a minute and most interesting account of the discovery of the sarcophagus of a king in an ancient cemetery of Old Sidon. He exhibited one of about 8,000 gold coins previously dug up in the vicinity, all of which were of Philip and Alexander. Dr. T. spent three hours in copying the inscription, and it was the first ever published.

Mr. Smith exhibited a reduced copy of birds' tracks and other figures on rocks in the Ohio Valley, drawn by Dr. Salisbury, with his report of their position and appearance, proving them to be artificial. He thinks them significant, according to some system of writing not yet discovered.

Dr. Parsons gave a history of his excavations in the grave-yard of Ninigret, in the Eastern Nahantic country, R. I., particularly the grave of the sachem's daughter, whose remains he found in a large log ten feet under ground, split and hollowed, fastened by an iron chain, and containing various articles of Dutch manufacture, obtained by the Indians in their trade with the Dutch of Manhattan before the arrival of the Plymouth Pilgrims.

The annual election was held, when the following officers were chosen: President, George Folsom, LL.D.; Thos. Ewbank and Judge Chas. P. Daly, Vice-Presidents; George Gibbs, Corresponding Secretary; Theodore Dwight, Recording Secretary; Alexander J. Cothel, Treasurer; and Geo. W. Moore, Librarian.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS.—Essay on the Improvement of Time, John Foster; The Prophet of Fire, or the Life and Times of Elijah, J. B. Macdonald, D.D.; Speaking to the Heart, Thomas Guthrie; Claude the Colporteur, by the author of Mary Powell; The Jewish Tabernacle, Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.  
FERDINAND LITPOLDT.—Musical Sketches by Elise Polko, translated from the German by Fanny Fuller.  
C. M. SEXTON.—The American Cattle Doctor, G. H. Dadd, M.D.  
WALKER, WINE & CO.—Whip, Hoe, and Sword, or the Gulf Department in '63, Geo. H. Hepworth.  
DICK & FITZGERALD.—The Perfect Gentleman, or Etiquette and Eloquence of Dudley Carleton, Miss M. E. Braddon.  
FREDERIC A. BEADY.—The Indian Chief, Gustave Aimard.  
G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.—Webster's Pictorial and Unabridged Dictionary.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.—History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. John Foster Kirk.  
D. APPLETON & CO.—Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker (2 vols.), John Weiss; Thirty Poems, Wm. Cullen Bryant.  
G. P. PUTNAM.—Lyrics of Loyalty, arranged and edited by Frank Moore.  
D. VAN NOSTRAND.—Dufour's Strategy and Tactics, translated from the French, by Wm. P. Craigbill; Rifled Ordnance, a practical treatise on the application of the principle of the Rifle to guns and mortars, Lyall Thomas, F.R.S.L.  
GEORGE W. CARLETON.—Home and other Poems, A. H. Coughay.



## THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

It is in urgent want of funds. Its operations for the relief of the army were never more extensive and effective than now. Its depots and agents are at every military center from Washington to the Rio Grande. The money value of the supplies it issued to the army of the Potomac during and immediately after Gettysburg, exceeded seventy thousand dollars. Its issues at Chattanooga were on a like scale. Thousands of men needing "Special Relief" are daily cared for in its "Homes." Its steam-boats and wagon-trains follow our soldiers everywhere. Its other and equally important departments of work—Sanitary Inspection, Hospital Inspection, Hospital Directors, Transportation of the Sick and Wounded, etc.—are in full operation. The cost of all this life-saving work is not less than forty-five thousand dollars per month. Its funds are now much reduced, and immediate contributions are requested to sustain it.

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Those who desire fuller information as to the organization, method, and cost of the Commission, are referred to a statement of its system and of the application of its funds just published, copies of which may be had on application at the office of the United States Sanitary Commission, No. 823 Broadway, or at the bookstore of A. D. F. Randolph, No. 683 Broadway.

It is submitted to all humane and patriotic men that the Commission has saved and is daily saving lives the country cannot afford to lose; what it is doing to economize the life and health of our soldiers is worth to the country ten times the money the Commission has received, and is of direct practical importance to every one interested in diminishing the cost and the duration of the war.

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